The Western Home Monthly

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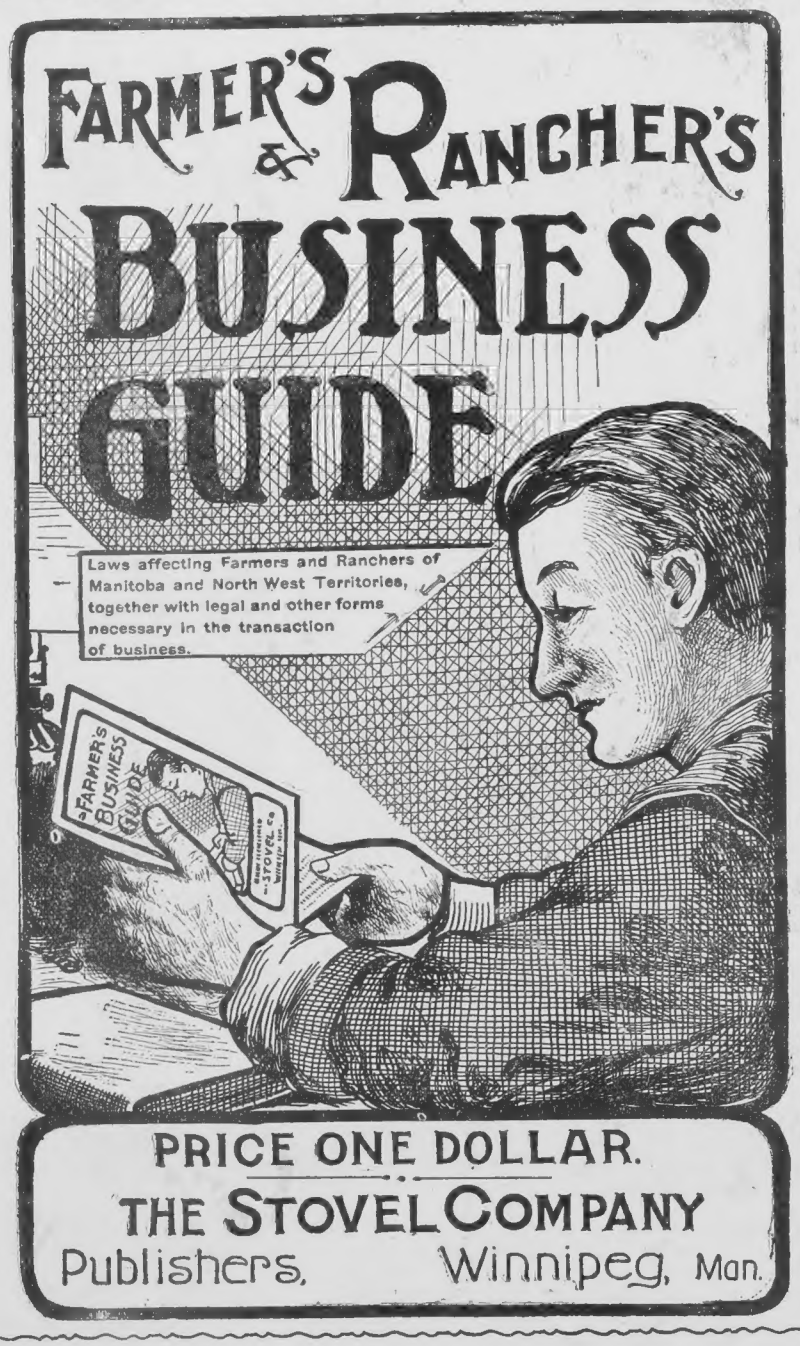

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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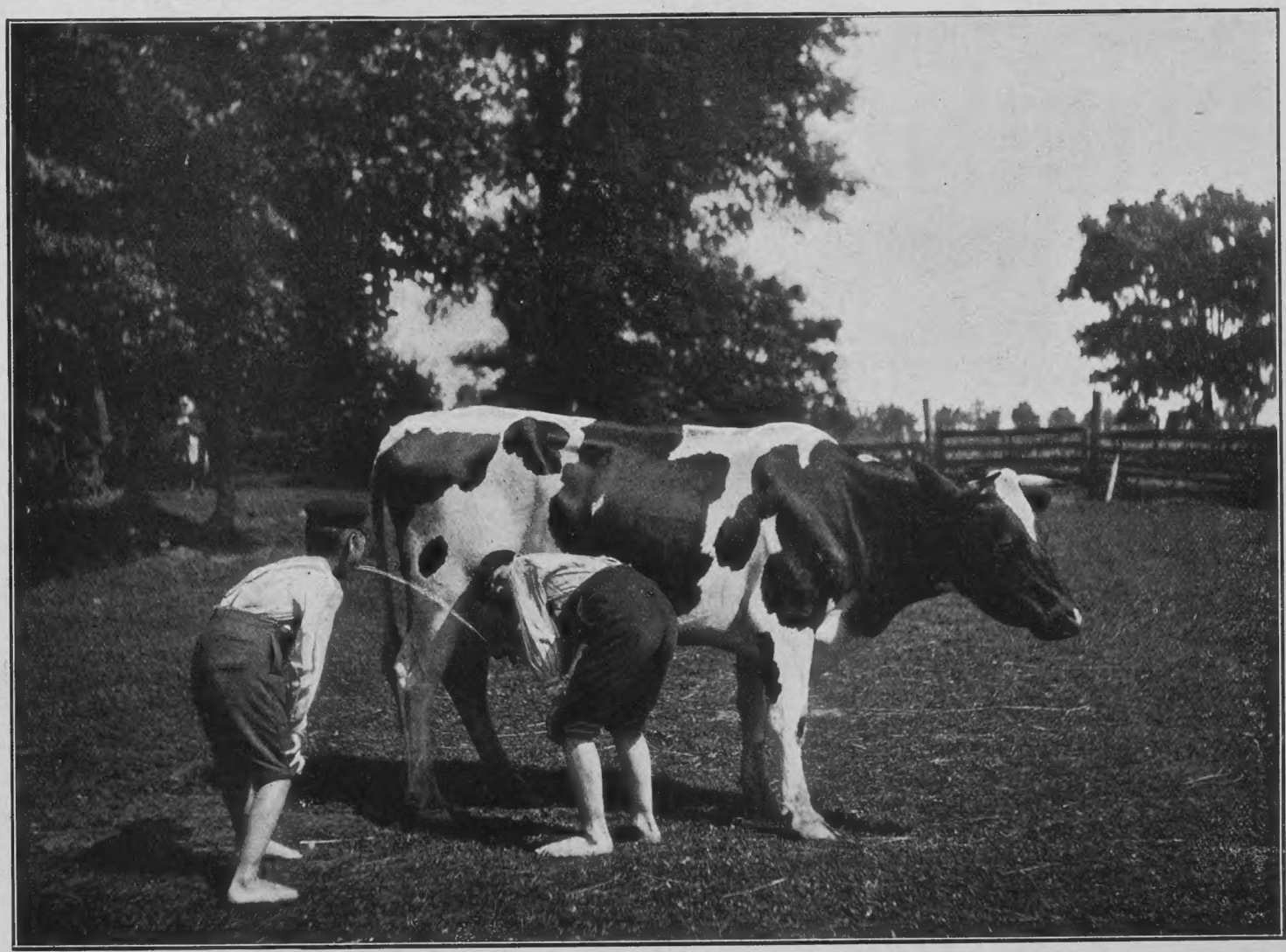
The Fate of Minnie Smith.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by George Lawrence.

Lancelot Harvey Smith was one of those exceptionally good-hearted men who never make enemies and are popular wherever they go. He hated to offend anybody, or to give pain to anyone. He was never known to have been guilty of making a rude speech, or to have shown temper, even when the circumstances were most irritating. He was very liberal with his money, when he had it—which was not always, for his income was hardly sufficient for his wants—and nothing short of temporary bankruptcy ever caused him to refuse a friend a loan. In all society he was a favorite; especially in that of women, who admired his handsome person as much as they were attracted by his hearty manner and his generous disposition. He made love to almost every pretty girl he met; unconsciously, I believe, and certainly without design. It was constitutional with him; he could no more help being tender to female beauty than he could help paying a newspaper boy five cents for a two cent paper, or making a purchase in a store which he had once entered, whether he could find what he needed or not. He was a clever fellow, with an artistic nature and a remarkable imagination. At times he could be pathetically emotional, at other times sprightly and humorous. He might have done really good things in his profession,—literature—only he was constitutionally lazy. He liked to dream graceful fancies and touching episodes, vaguely and with closed eyes. He did not like to commit them to writing at the expense of much hard work. Scenes which float with easy effectiveness amid the wreathing smoke of a contemplative pipe require so much arranging and shaping upon paper. We all know that only too well. Lancelot knew it, and he greatly disliked taking the trouble of putting his ideas down in black and white. Except under external pressure, he could hardly be brought to serious work; and so his earnings were comparatively small, although they might have been of substantial size. However, he was a lucky fellow, and money was no serious object to him, for he was soon to enjoy an income compared with which the largest amount that he could possibly earn was insignificant. To be sure, a wife was to be attached to the fortune; but that was no great matter, considering that she was a quiet, mild little girl, quite devoted to her fiance, and certain to let him have his own way in everything. She was his cousin,, only daughter and heiress of his father's elder brother, who had made a great fortune in copper. Lancelot was an only child, and it had been the wish of their respective parents that these two should marry. The young people fell in love with the arrangement. Minnie was very much in love with cousin Lancelot, whom her girlish fancy had elevated into a sort of hero. And Lancelot—well, he was, at any rate, very fond of his cousin Minnie. She was not pretty, but a dear, demure, sweet girl, very gentle and affectionate, shy and awkward, however, in society, and having the reputation among chance acquaintances of being prim and disageeable.

The younger ladies openly pitied Lancelot because of his engagement. Of course, his cousin's money was a great



BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

thing to him. But fancy that handsome charming Mr. Smith, a man made to shine in society, tied for life to a prim and priggish little Puritan, who hated gaiety and did not spend three hundred dollars a year upon her clothes. They would never get on together. That was impossible. Before many months of married life had elapsed, Lancelot would find out that money might be bought at too high a price. That was the opinion of the average society girl—a shrewd opinion in many instances, but one incapable of gauging anything outside its own sphere. And in one point alone, which admitted of no dispute, did the society girls read Minnie Lothrop Smith correctly—namely, that she was tremendously in love with her cousin. Some of the young men went further. Harry Johnson, of the Bachelors' Club, for example, declared that Minnie's passion for Lancelot amounted to a mania, "and you mark my words, boys," he said one night in the billiard room, with a knowing shake of his head, "when she's once married, she'll be a regular female Othello. And if Lancelot doesn't mend his naughty ways, she'll smother him some night with a pillow."

"Nonsense," said Arthur Paxton, "Lance has been no worse than the rest of us; we're not saints; all of us are just ordinary sinners."

Of course, neither Lancelot nor his betrothed knew what their numerous kind friends were saying about them; even if they had known, they would probably have paid very little attention Their wedding-day was drawing very near. It was fixed for early in January, and Chrishmas was now only a week off. Minnie and her mother had always spent this holiday with Lancelot's father at Harrison-on-the-Hudson. They did not vary their custom on the present occasion, although, owing to the wedding preparations which had to be made at their own home, they were forced to curtail the usual fortnight by about one-half. Minnie was inexpressibly happy in her quiet way. Her little face was quite radiant with pleasure when she alighted from the carriage at her uncle's doorstep, and she greeted Lancelot, who was there to welcome her, with a look of love and tenderness. Happy the man whose presence could evoke that look!

They formed a merry party. Every one was in the highest spirits. Lancelot especially was quite boisterous. A number of gaities had been arranged and were carried out most successfully. In the day time there were riding parties and rabbit hunting; at night, dances, theatricals, and games of various kinds. Lancelot was the leading spirit in everything. He was the life and soul of the party. He had the animal spirits of a schoolboy, and he infected everybody with the irresistible contagion of his merriment.

For New Year's day the gentlemen had arranged a big rabbit hunt. A few —very few—of the ladies were in the party. Most women do not care for shooting the little rabbits. The majority of the fair guests yawned the day away in a warm sitting room, doing fancy work or reading novels. Minnie, however, was not deterred by the cold, stormy weather from her invariable rule upon this day of visiting the sick people in the neighborhood and of giving the less fortunate ones small presents of various comforts. All the people in the village loved her. Her step upon the threshold would banish sorrow from many careworn faces; her gentle voice had been known to charm away the pains of numbers of sufferers; those who accepted her gifts took them without loss of self-respect, without sense of patronage, for she had that gentle tact which only sympathy can impart. She understood and respected the intense pride of the few people who were extremely poor, and by this method she had won their hearts.

Minnie spent an hour or two in paying her visits and distributing her gifts, so that, by the time she started on her homeward journey, it was growing dark. As she crossed a field, through which a footpath ran, she heard the sound of steps coming rapidly behind her. She turned her head, and saw the tall figure of a woman, who motioned to her to stop. She at once did so, supposing that this person had run after her with some message. Her pursuer proved to be a total stranger to Miss Smith—a young woman whom she had never seen before. To judge by her dress, which was stylish, although not in good taste, she did not belong to the poorer classes. She looked like the daughter of a prosperous farmer, whose means were somewhat in advance of her refinement. But she was not the daughter of any farmer in the village, for Minnie was acquainted with every one of them.

Minnie thought that the girl was very pretty—of the gipsy type, black hair,

Lancelot was very fond of his Cousin Minnie.

very dark eyes, olive complexion, and full red lips. Her age was about twenty-two or three; but she had an assurance beyond her years, and the tone in which she addressed Minnie was overbearing and insolent.

"You're Minnie L. Smith," she said, with a scowl on her face, "and I want to say something to you. You're going to marry Lancelot," she continued. Then she stopped speaking.

"Yes; what about it," answered Minnie with quiet dignity.

"Are you really going to marry Lancelot H. Smith? the girl asked.

"I expect to marry him next month,' said Minnie very coldly, but with a strange inward foreboding, which made her heart flutter. Why do you ask?"

"Do you know what kind of a man you're going to marry?" queried the girl, with a curious gleam in her dark eyes.

Minnie drew herself up and treated her questioner to a look before which even that defiant creature for a moment dropped her eyes.

"I've known Lancelot Harvey Smith all my life. You must excuse me if I refuse to discuss my private affairs with a stranger. You're a complete stranger to me, you must remember," said Minnie.

"A complete stranger?" The words came out in a torrent of sarcastic, mocking laughter. "Give my name to Lancelot. Find out if Maud Hammersley is a complete stranger to him."

"Do you mean that you have some claim on Mr. Smith?" enquired Minnie, a terrible dread beginning to steal over her.

"Claim?" cried the other woman. "Some claim? I've every claim. In the eyes of God he's my husband—my husband, I tell you, in everything but name. He's sworn solemnly to marry me time and again. He's never kept his promise, I know. But," and she spoke with deadly earnestness, "if I can prevent it, he'll never marry anybody else, never. He hopes to satisfy me with money and with his pretty speeches. He believes that I will accept his desertion quietly. I intend to show him that I won't."

"Do you know what you're saying? I —I can't believe you!" gasped Minnie, whose white face now looked almost death-like in the gathering darkness.

"You can believe me, and you do believe me," was the retort. "Your face tells its own tale. But if you profess to doubt what I say, you can have proof."

"What proof?" Poor Minnie's lips could hardly speak the words.

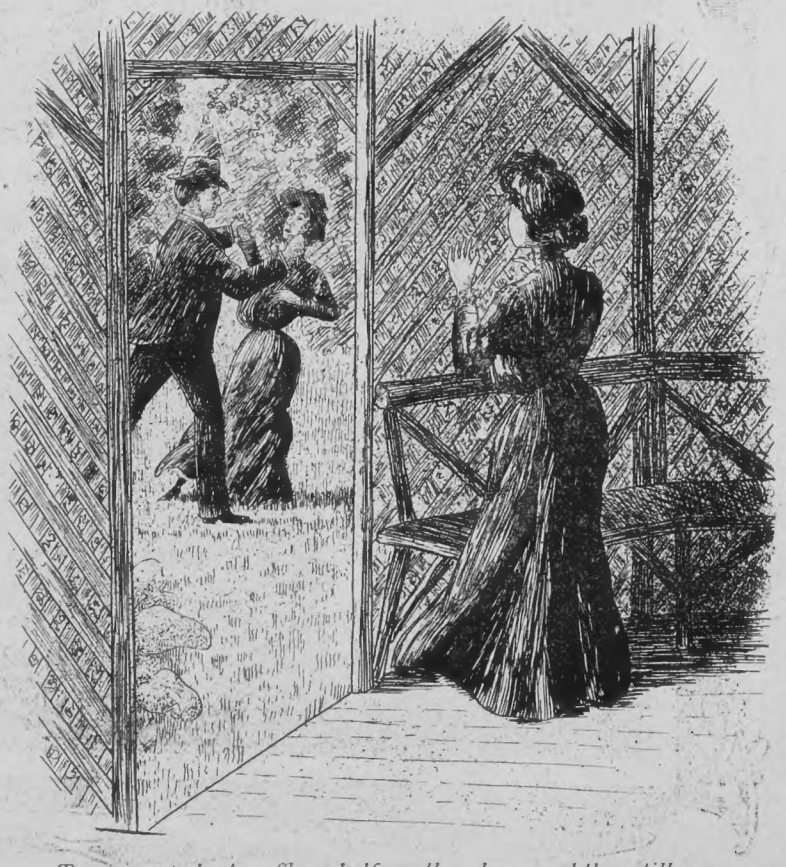
"Lancelot has promised to meet me in the park near to his father's house

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH HAS NO EQUAL

to-night at twelve o'clock. You know where the summer-house, the house for shelter from the rain is; hide yourself there, and you will hear, if you cannot see. He probably thinks he will persuade me to give him up. He was always sanguine. He makes promises easily—to himself as well as to others; but he does not often keep them. Be sure to be there at twelve to-night."

Without another word the girl turned and hurried back rapidly in the direction from which she had come. Minnie stood perfectly still, like a figure of stone. She could hardly breathe. Her heart fluttered, stopped, and then went on with great thumping beats, which drove the life-blood like a surging tide into her head. She tried to assure herself that what this girl had said was false. To credit such a charge against Lancelot, on the mere assertion of a stranger, was mean and disloyal. But there are some tales which carry conviction with them by the way they are told. This was one; and try how she would to the contrary, poor little Minnie believed what the girl had related. She never knew how she reached her uncle's house, how she kept up outward appearances throughout the evening. Lancelot, as usual, was in very good spirits. Minnie watched him as he laughed and talked gaily, and noted (though she knew it well already), the frank, cheerful expression on his manly face. She wondered whether that dreadful story could be true, whether it was possible to have behaved so, and still to be merry; to be in such suspense and yet be cheerful. Perhaps, after all, that girl had exaggerated, had made things out much blacker than they were. Minnie was not what would be called "a new woman." She had no acquaintance with the by-ways of fast or fashionable life. She desired none. But she knew, of course, that young men are not always as good as they ought to be. She realised, however, that when they fall into entanglements, it is not invariably their own fault. When they caused misery and ruin, their victims often invited that dreadful fate themseves. Perhaps in this case there had been no black-hearted treachery, no breach of solemn vows. However wild Lancelot might have been, he was incapable of that. At ten o'clock Minnie went up to her room, but she did not retire to rest. In her present agitation sleep would have been impossible. She took off her evening dress, wrapped herself in a dressing gown, and sat down to think. She did not know what to do. At first she had thought of confiding in her mother, then of getting a talk with Lancelot alone and telling him what had been told to her. But instinctive delicacy had made her shrink from either ordeal. It is just possible that there are girls who would have almost revelled in the opportunity; Minnie shunned it with fear and disgust.

At about half-past eleven she turned out the gas, and drawing up her window-shade, she sat in the moonlight. God spare all pure and loving hearts from what she went through during that time of silent thought! On an ordinary nature the blow would have fallen differently. To most girls the feeling would have been one of personal indignation and resentment. Minnie's first, indeed, her only feeling, was far above that. The most intense suffering finds no room for anger—for sense of personal injury. Minnie was not merely wounded, she was literally crushed. The lonely agony which she suffered worked an extraordinary change upon her face. The subdued look of pain gave way to an expression of excitement, of restlessness. Her eyes gleamed with a peculiar light, and a burning color flushed over her pale face. Her teeth were set like one who has made a great resolve. She rose from her chair, laid aside her wrapper, and dressed herself in a shirt waist and short skirt. It was now a quarter to twelve. They were early people at her uncle's house. She opened her door softly and listened. Not a sound could be heard, except the measured ticking of the clock at the top of the stairs. She took her shoes in her hand and stole downstairs. That she was seriously overwrought would have been quite evident to anyone who had seen her face. Her temperament was very highly strung. She had never known a real shock till now, and its effect was overwhelming. One thought alone possessed her, one idea, one resolve. She must know the worst, or the best of this terrible thing. A night of this fearful suspense would drive her insane. Every other consideration yielded to this. Playing the spy was repugnant to her simple character; but to-



There was a short scuffle, a half smothered cry, and then stillness.

night all had changed. She was not herself now—not the Minnie Lothrop Smith of twelve hours ago. Another being seemed to have become confused with her. She hardly realised her own personality. Like a dreamer, whose distorted fancies in sleep invest him with attributes that are not his own, and make him wonder, "Is this myself or some other person?" she crossed the lawn and walked in the direction of the summer-house. Like a dreamer, she sat and waited. A dreamer? Yes. A dreamer of dreadful fancies, of strange sensations—of wild resolves. In her eyes shone a look which they had never known before. It must all have been a dream. It was so unreal. She waited. A clock struck twelve. A figure soon appeared, coming along the walk, and shortly afterward another—a man's figure—stole across the lawn from the house. Minnie crouched into the darkest corner of her retreat. She strained her ears, she listened—in a dream.

* * *

What was this terrible news which spread so rapidly the next day "A murder in Colonel Smith's park, very near his house!" "It's true. Haven't you heard? Early this morning the gardener found a girl's body among the shrubs, stabbed through the lungs, weltering in a pool of blood, and wandering near, but making no effort to escape nor hide, he met Miss Minnie, the Colonel's niece. She must have been the guilty one, for she was still clutching the crimsoned dagger. She actually walked up to the gardener and almost shouted: 'I killed her. She was trying to take my Lancelot away from me. I'm not sorry. If there were any life in her, I would stab her again.'"

"What a dreadful thing for the family! Of course, poor Minnie's insane."

"The doctors say so. They think she has all the symptoms of a maniac. She keeps repeating what she said at first, 'I killed her. I'm not sorry.' Poor Lancelot! He's almost crazy, and I do not wonder at it. He's more to be pitied, after all, than blamed. For, although an intrigue of his with that other girl—he has admitted it—has caused this terrible catastrophe, still it is an awful punishment to overtake a young man's entanglements. I must say I feel very sorry for him."

"So do I. Young men do not think much of these little irregularities. And in nine cases out of ten nothing very serious results. Poor Miss Minnie will be charged with murder, of course?"

"Oh, yes. That is inevitable, but I expect that she will be proved insane, and placed in an asylum. We shall know before long, I suppose." So spoke the people of Harrison-on-the-Hudson, where the tragedy occurred.

It happened as had been anticipated. The evidence was conclusive. Poor Minnie Smith's mind had "given way," the physicians said. She was not responsible for her actions, and so, to the great relief of most people—for, bad as it was, it was the best result that this fearful tragedy admitted—she was sent to the state asylum.

Lancelot went to Europe at once. His friends who saw him just before he left insisted that they would hardly have recognised him, had they met him accidentally on the street. In less than six weeks his hair had turned quite gray, his handsome, healthy face had become almost emaciated, and his once jovial expression had given place to a look of restless misery that was most painful to witness.

Everybody felt sorry for him. He had been wild, of course, as young men will be. But he had been cruelly, and far too severely punished for his moral lapse. His life was ruined. His health was no longer good. And all capacity for further happiness seemed to have left him. People said, "Poor Lancelot. At heart he's really a good fellow. I hope that in time he may forget his troubles. It is wonderful what foreign travel does for some men."

But Lancelot Harvey Smith had something to forget about which his friends knew absolutely nothing. That something haunted him day and night. It made his life a perfect hell, until—mercifully for him—it was cut short by death, some two years later in California. Nobody knew the whole truth, except one other person, and he was a Methodist minister who visited Minnie Lothrop Smith at the asylum at Matewan, New York, and to whom the poor girl made the following confession when upon her death-bed.

The minister was praying with her just before the end came, hoping that her poor wandering mind might grasp a little of what he said. As he prayed, a gleam of light suddenly passed across her face; she smiled; her lips parted, and she murmured something. It was this:

"I'm not sorry for what I did."

Her words shocked him and pained him, and he said to her gently:

"You did not know what you were doing, my child. God will not hold you answerable. But still He would like to see you sorry." She shook her head, more vehemently than, in her weak condition, one would have believed possible.

"No," she murmured. "No. God knows. You do not. Let me whisper in your ear. I think I must tell some one before I die. But you will keep the secret, will you not? When I stole into the park that night, I felt a queer sensation here" (placing her hand upon her forehead). "Wicked thoughts rushed into my mind. I listened. I heard her abusing and threatening Lance; swearing that she would never let him marry me. He tried to coax her, to quiet her; she only grew more violent. She said things for which—God is my witness—I could have killed her. At last Lance's patience was exhausted; he told her to leave him; he dared her to do her worst. And then he turned and walked away. She followed him stealthily; something bright flashed in her hand. She had raised it high to strike; he heard the movement; he turned and caught her uplifted hand. There was a short scuffle—a half smothered cry. And then stillness. I crouched in my corner breathless, terrified. A few seconds afterwards Lancelot's tall figure rushed across the lawn to the house. I could see horror in all his movements. He did not return. A moment later I crept to the scene of the struggle. There she lay dead under a tree. The knife was in her side. I drew it out with a great rush of blood. And after that, I remember no more. Everything since has been blurred and misty, and red.

"Oh, I do remember one thing more. It was for Lance's sake; for poor Lance's sake. And I'm not sorry. If you ever see him, tell him from me that my last words before I died were that—I'm—not sorry; not—sorry."

She did not speak again. She soon passed away. Her face when dead was happy and smiling. It was easy to see that she had told the truth, and that she was not sorry.

He called her "a poem" and "divine,"
So fair she seemed and sweet;
He loved to scan each perfect line
And raved about her feet.
To meet her was his only joy,
Alas! his hopes were slim,
For soon he found to his annoy
She was averse to him.

——Advertiser

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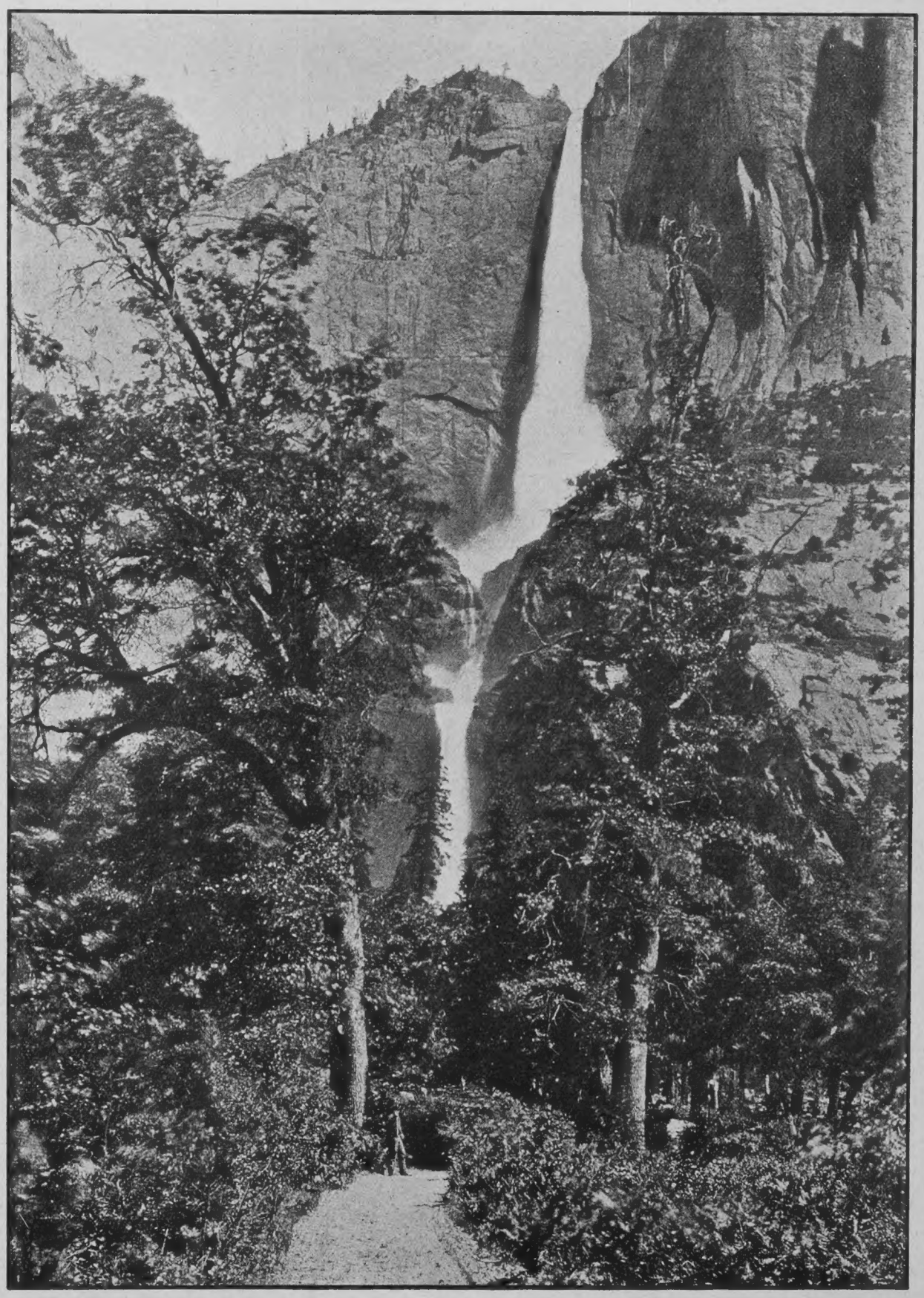

ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

The 13 and the Oysters.

There were thirteen members of the Church Aid Society—most of them talking at once. They would show people that they were above silly nonsense about the number thirteen. These goods folks, living at this jumping-off place, were bounded by forests to the right of them, forests to the left of them, even down to their doors, and looking in at their windows were trees.

Twenty millions of Indian reserve shut them away from the railway junction that connected them with "the front." 'Tis true rails followed the lake shore, on which were placed flat cars to draw the lumber to the shipping point, and you could on a pinch take one of these, but the usual way was to canoe across the water in summer, or drive over its frozen surface in winter.

Although social outlet was meagre, these ladies had the gift of tongues, nor were they backward in exercising this gift—sometimes upon rival churches, again, upon each other. In fact, they were in this respect, not a whit behind their less fortunate city sisters, who can not draw so near to nature's heart as to make friends with the birds and little animals, or coax the shy wildflowers into friendliness.

The Aid counted among their members: Gentle One; Long Thin One, who always reflected any opinion that looked her way; Wooden Lady, like a jointed doll, with round unwinking eyes; Grumbler; Canadian Jay, sharp and wicked of tongue; Charitable One; Spoiled One; Pusher, with round dumpy figure, who puffed and pushed like a little steam tug; Small Thin One, with litle skeleton hands, and a voice p'chink-p'chink, like water dropping on a stone; Boss' wife, a really truly lady, gave good advice that was ignored, also large contributions to the different schemes which were accepted in a graciously condescending manner by the treasurer; Dabbler, and others, brought up the rear.

As I said before, they were all talking at once. They had broken loose from the thraldom of their erstwhile president—a stern and over-bearing character, who, treating them like a pan of dough, had kneaded, turned, twisted, thumped and sat upon them. At last they had risen, thrown off the heavy hand of authority and were prepared to do and dare.

They had decided upon an oyster supper. "It is something we have been talkin' and talkin' about for two or three years," said Pusher.

"Yes," responded Canadian Jay, "we are like the folks who jump an' jump in a tub all day an' dinna ken how feckless they are."

"Of course we must all help," came from Litle One, with the sharp voice.

"Well, I did most of the work runnin' back and forth, an' up an' down at the last tea we had," remarked Grumbler.

Boss's wife thought "Oysters were difficult to handle so far from the front, they were so off flavor."

"And so dear," supplemented Charitable One, "Why not each give a contribution."

"We are going in for it because the men in the mills will be flush after pay day, and it will be so kind of us to detach them from their earnings at the rate of twenty-five cents per head. We must see that the oysters are not anchored to the botom of the plates," said Dabbler.

"We've all been going to sleep."

"The other churches are away ahead."

"We want the mill boys to have a treat."

"I want more money in the bank," said Pusher, who was treasurer.

And so the battle raged; Charitable One, who was now president, trying in vain to subdue the babel of voices.

At last the day arrived,—no one of the ladies having a very distinct idea how the supper was to be managed; one thing only being clear, that a good many tickets had been sold.

The old school building was to be the ground for operations; a cold barn-like place with large old-fashioned stove at one side, which, like the Laodiceans of old, was neither cold nor hot, for the draft was bad and the wood watersoaked; but the ladies hoped it would reconsider its determination to act stubborn, if not, the audience would keep warm by abusing the stove, the building, or each other.

Thank goodness, they were not depending on that old dud to cook the precious oysters.

"Yes, the oysters were to be sent in early," but Pusher had forgotten clean and clever to order biscuits.

"Where was the milk? Who was to send it, and how much could be counted on?" Each looked at the other in dismay.

"My cow gives hardly any milk, besides, it is ten cents a quart," said Grumbler.

Gentle One quietly put forward a pail of the lacteal fluid and thought she could get more.

The tables set to look like a real city supper, were decorated with gorgeous tissue paper mats, a vase in the centre of each, some empty, others holding bits of green robbed from plants, precious, because of their scarcity.

The arranging of the tables had been done by Spoiled One and Dabbler (neither of whom counted for much), while the ball of conversation was pitched from one to the other of the thirteen, at times on a high moral plane, occasionally descending to personalities.

Canadian Jay, remarking to no one in particular, "Some had long legs, but got over the ground like snails," also that "Some got a different idea from each house they entered," at which Looking Glass was much hurt, for she had come back with the report that "Sister Smith advised cooking with half milk and half water, while others thought condensed milk, with water added, good enough for anyone."

As the hour drew near, excitement waxed high. In large and small groups came the oyster-loving public, who presently ventured to remark, "It was nigh time them oysters was waltzin' in." One mill boy called them "bivalves" and was immediately squelched by good-natured cat-calls.

And what were the ladies doing? Overwhelmed by the fact that at the last moment their cooking stove failed to materialize, they were scurrying back and forth from the school house to a friendly neighbors, reminding one of a lot of ants running across each other's tracks.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Oysters delayed maketh the appetite cry aloud, especially after a quick walk in the snapping cold of a midwinter night.

At last the simmering pots of savory stew were carried in, and now began the real business of the evening. Such hurrying from the anteroom with steaming plates, such joking and laughter, until all were filled with oysters and good humor.

The programme came next (a rather scramble affair). The basso sang of a storm in which captain and mate led the strenuous life while the land lubbers were sleeping down be-l-lo-o-w, below, ending in a wail of disgust at the poor fellows who had nothing to do but sleep. This and others of varying excellence were accorded scant attention by the audience. But they voted the supper a grand success.

Next to a complete defeat, a great victory is the gloomiest. The thirteen could not decide which they were entitled to. Did the applause of the public and twenty hard-earned dollars compensate for the losses?

Grumbler shook the dust of the Aid off her feet however, because she had been allowed to sit at ease in Zion, instead of being urged and forced to act the part of a Martha.

Two Sundays might come in the middle of the week before Mrs. Jones would patronize the Aid again; for they charged full fare for her two boys,—"Small for their age, but able to stand up to their third dish," said Spoiled One, sotto voice.

Charitable One almost forgot her leading virtue while listening to Canadian Jay.

Pusher thought it scandalous the way Dabbler filled up the young men's plates, letting them eat all they wanted," and them with stomachs deep as wells."

There Is Hope for Cancer Sufferers

The New Constitutional Treatment Successful in the Worst Cases.

Those who suffer from cancers and tumors must not lose hope because operations have failed to bring relief. We have cases on record which prove positively that our Constitutional treatment for Cancers and Tumors has cured some of the worst cases after operations did not permanently eradicate the disease. Learn all about our pleasant home treatment before trying dangerous experiments. Send two stamps for book "Cancer, it's Cause and Cure." W. H. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

STREET SCENE AT CARBERRY, MAN.

Dabbler replied, "She went into the scheme, not for making money, but to try and keep the boys out of the saloons and show them others besides whiskey men liked and trusted them."

Relations betwen Looking Glass and Small One became strained over sorting and delivering the spoons to their rightful owners. Two other members should have remembered the little ditty, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Worst of all, Gentle One, who had superintended the cooking in a hot kitchen, had a severe illness, brought on by her long walk home in the cold.

When all these discouragements had been discussed and weighed in the balance with the gain and advantages by each lady according to their several temperaments, Dabbler brought forward the question: "Had they solved the problem of thirteen?"

among its lakes, waterfalls and mountains is the saving grace of the pioneers, and in this respect the trapper is no exception from others of his class.

The haunts of the moose and the favorite forest homes of the lynx and the bear are more familiar to him than the places where humanity gathers to exchange ideas, yet he is intelligent in conversation and quick in conception of the ways of city life.

He was born at Fort Churchill on the Hudson's Bay, and is descended from the Linklaters of Strumness, in the Orkney Islands. In those primitive days, when the Hudson's Bay Company was in the van of northern civilization, he was an apprentice under the tutelage of Mr. E. Abell, at that time engineer for the company and later the first inspector in mechanical works for Manitoba. That was in 1882, and Mr. Abell was then located at Lower Fort Garry,where the lathes on which the machine work was done were located in one of the

aggregate in the Manitoba matches.

Life in the civilized centres could not satisfy the adventurous spirit and he soon took to the wilds again. He located in the region which skirts the shores of northern Lake Winnipeg and since that time hunting and trapping have been the sources of work and pleasure for him. The mineral deposits of the region have deep interest for the modern "Leatherstocking," as he has made some study of geology. His narrative would indicate that the shores of Lac du Bonnet are rich beyond the dreams of the most avaricious prospector that ever delved into the fastnesses that encircle its rocky shores.

"I was the first prospector to bring reports of the discovery of mineral wealth into those regions," said the husky trapper, as he sat in one of the quiet side rooms of a leading hotel, and related an interesting narrative of his experiences in the north. "There is mineral of almost every description in

that district," he continued, "and while in many places it is not present in paying quantities, there are others where it can be mined at profit, being found in prolific quantity. On Black Island in the lake is located a deposit of iron ore which in quality and quantity cannot be beaten anywhere in the world. At a place on Split Rock Creek, which empties into the lake, I made a discovery of manganese, which runs eighty-six per cent. That place I must keep a secret till I can interest capital to aid in its development. The mineral is there in such quantities and of such purity that there is a fortune awaiting those who can take it out.

"One of the strangest things that I came across in this strange district is a deposit of a substance which when taken out and mixed with oil can be used in the same way that paint is utilized. It exists in colors of black, green and red, and the natives in the district are using it in place of the manufactur-

CHAS. P. LINKLATER AND HIS DOGS.
Outfit of the Adventurous Trapper whose home is in the Wilds Around Lake Winnipeg.

A Trapper's Life.

Charles P. Linklater, a trapper, who makes his home on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, has, according to The Tribune, been in Winnipeg lately, and, with his train of dogs, has been much admired. The paper says that the swarth of twenty-two seasons in the wilderness of the north has left its indelible stain on the strong features of this son of the forest, and yet in other respects the hardships and perils of a hunter's life have dealt lightly with him. Though now forty-eight years old, Linklater does not exhibit any of the signs that in civilization indicate the arrival at this span of the human bridge. Contentment in the hazardous task of wrestling from nature in her wildest forms the necessities and luxuries of the life of those who map out their campaign

bastions of the fort. The first mechanical device in the lathe room was a three horse-power engine which, after its inception, was worked by a crank, necessitating hand-power. When he had mastered the rudiments of locomotive engineering Linklater was sent out on the steamer Northcote on the Saskatchewan, where he served in the capacity of a "striker," running the pony engines. After that he came to Winnipeg and remained here for a season. On severing his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company he drifted around a good deal over the west. The Northwest rebellion of 1885 saw him a volunteer in the 91st regiment under Col. Scott, and when the trouble was over Linklater settled in Winnipeg for a short time. He was a crack shot, and his name figures in the honor list for the grand

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We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business. Each of these six small pictures represents a well-known Garden Vegetable. Can you think out the names of three of them? If so, the money is surely worth trying for. Three correct answers win. If you cannot make it out yourself, get some friend to help you.

EACH OF THE SIX PICTURES REPRESENTS A GARDEN VEGETABLE. CAN YOU NAME THREE OF THEM?

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle, and if you are correct you may win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you, and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live; we do not care one bit who gets the money; if you can make out the names of three of these Garden Vegetables, mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you. We are giving away $200.00 for correct answers, and a few minutes of your time. Send in your guess at once, with your full name and address, to

THE MARVEL BLUING CO., DEPT 1408, TORONTO, ONT.

ed paint. Of course we have a little process of our own by which we make it ready for use, and it is proving a great success."

Linklater made the trip from Beren's River to Winnipeg, a distance of 320 miles, by dog-train and brought to the city besides a cargo of furs and other products of the chase, his little daughter Gertrude, who is probably the first white child to have made the trip in this unique manner. Feed for the ten dogs, which constituted the team, had to be carried in the toboggan. The last relay on the route lies from Point au Grand Marsh to Winnipeg, a distance of 65 miles, and in covering this the dog train established a record. The start was made at daylight one morning and Winnipeg was reached at next midnight, this time including stops of five hours at St. Peter's Indian reserve and at St. Andrew's. The dogs in the Linklater train are the best trained of any that have reached the city since the days of the Hudson's Bay mail carriers, and they have been much admired, the owner being among the proudest fancier in the crowd.

According to the trapper the Indians have experienced a good winter and are prosperous. The wolves have attacked the game pretty ravenously of late, but from now on they will be able to secure other kinds of food so that the deer will not be harassed by them. The white residents are few and far between and Mr. Linklater says that the sight of a human being is frequently unknown for days on some of the hunting trips which he makes to the extreme north where the hand of civilization has scarcely yet left its stamp on the primeval wilderness.

"Cheer up," said the minister; "you'll meet your three wives in heaven."

"Parson," gasped the man, " that's just what's a botherin' of me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Jerusalem as I Saw It.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

From the time we left New York, Feb. 5, the phrase "Holy Land" was on the lips of every tourist, so when the landing place was announced for the direct road by rail to Jerusalem, every passenger was eager for the momentous event that they had braved the perils of the brad Atlantic and the Mediterranean sea to accomplish, namely, to visit this small country, Palestine, and the city of Jerusalem, a country and city that has been a battlefield of the greatest nations of the earth, but the heart of the world is not drawn there to-day for that purpose, but because there the Word was made flesh, and the Son of God brought life and immorality to light.

Joppa, modern Yafa, the day on which we landed, the sea was fairly smooth, and our conductor said we were very fortunate, as a rough sea at Joppa makes landing a somewhat perilous undertaking among the rocks, whose sharp peaks threaten destruction to any small boat that may be dashed upon them. The Turkish government had removed the quarantine restrictions a few hours previously, for which we had to pay for another passport. We were thankful for both these favorable circumstances, as time was more precious than gold. We blessed the Turks for their act of common sense, as there was no infectious disease among pilgrims coming from America. Joppa is situated on a rising bluff on the shore of the Mediterranean; the white limestone houses, flat-rooffed, are built on terraces rising up above each other from the seashore. It claims great antiquity, as its origin is lost in the dense mist of centuries. The name signifies "beauty," which it deserves, as one looks on it from a distance. The appearance of the houses from the sea, reflecting from their white roofs and walls, over which are hanging gorgeous flowers, gives you the impression that it is a city where the strife of passion and evils of moral iniquity are scarcely felt. But this was quickly dispelled when we walked its streets and mingled with its crowds. North and south the fine sand glitters in the sunlight. On one side is the sea, whose waters have been ploughed by the ships of great maritime nations of antiquity as well as modern times. Behind the city are extensive orange and lemon gardens. In a few minutes our life-boats, manned by bare-footed, stalwart men in white trousers and an outer garment that does not impede the motion of the limbs, rowed us to the landing place in sight of Simon the Tanner's house, quite near the sea. Many more important sites have been lost forever, and there is no reason why this should have escaped oblivion, as the town has been frequently destroyed.

PALESTINE.—A TOURIST ENCAMPMENT.

We were soon surrounded by the Joppa Jehus that drive from the piers to the railroad station, and their chief object is not the safety of their passengers, who have entrusted to them their lives, as well as their belongings, but to rival each other in the number of trips to and fro to the terror of the tourist, who is decidedly thankful for the security of his life when at last seated in his compartment car. To a traveller from Canada, the absence of apple trees in the fine gardens of Joppa, and indeed through all Palestine, is quite noticeable. Though I made frequent enquiries I could find no one who had tasted apples grown in the country; the climate being unsuited for this tree. Our route to Jerusalem lay across the valley of Sharon for some miles. The fields were green with grain waving gently under the balmy breeze, and the hilly road was decked with flowers of every hue. Many places of note in Bible story and British history were passed until we reached Ramleh. This city has a population, we are told, of 3,000. The houses are substantial and well built. It has the appearance of prosperity for an Eastern town. This is the traditional site of Arimathea, the city of Joseph, in whose new tomb our Lord was laid. A road we saw to the left leads to Lydda at a distance of perhaps two miles. There St. Peter healed Aeneas, a paralytic for eight years, and here was residing, when the saints of Joppa sent for him to raise Dorcas from the dead.

Like many other towns on this road it suffered at the hands of the Romans and Saracens. It was known during the Roman occupation of the country as the City of Jupiter. It is also said to have been the native town of St. George, the patron saint of England, who is believed to have been buried in the crypt of the church.

Latrun was reached after a steady climb over wonderful scenery. It is regarded as the old site of Modin, so intimately associated with the history of the wars of the Maccabean family. Tradition asserts that the penitent thief lived here, and used to rob travellers in the valley a short distance to the east, on their way to Jerusalem. From this we began to descend into the valley of Ajalon. In some part of this valley, now covered with rich pasture and grain fields, Joshua defeated the Amorites when the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon; the only instance, where God obeyed man, on record, our talkative guide informed us. We soon were in the hill country of Judea. The road winds around the hills, covered at their base with vines, but higher up with scanty vegetation and stunted shrubs. We reached Kirjathjearim, the city or rocky forests, where the ark rested when brought from Beth-Shemesh. The most prominent object now is a church, well preserved, that dates back to the Crusading Days. It was once called the Church of Jeremiah, from a tradition that made this the site of the birthplace of the prophet.

As we rode through the valleys the city had a picturesque appearance. Far up the mountain, with its white, flat--roofed houses, the men of Kirjath-jearim were sitting near the church, under the shade of olive trees, discussing, I suppose, the latest news from Joppa and the countries beyond the sea. Along this valley, probably, the ark was taken by David. It must have been a rough road then over the hills, for it is not smooth now, although much engineering and labor has smoothed and leveled the road, for the iron horse that jolts and sways its way, often with difficulty. Our sympathy was awakened as we thought how the anxious Uzzah, whose heart was full of joy at the prospect of the ark resting once again in its home, when suddenly an imminent calamnity threatened it in passing over the hilly, rough byway of the threshing floor of Nachon, and he put forth his hand to stay it and was slain. But God had lessons to teach, even in the death of Uzzah, for taking too much thought and the burdens of omnipotence on his individual hands. A small streamlet crossed our way, from which David gathered the smooth stones with which he slew Goliath the Philistine. The tomb of Samson was pointed out on a black, high hill, wholly bare of vegetation; a picture truly of wasted life and wanton de-

A Chance for Weary, 'Worn-out' —and— Despondent Ones.

A CHANCE YOU SHOULD NOT NEGLECT.

To demonstrate to you the wonderful benefits to be received by taking a course of . . .

DR. DEAN'S BLOOD AND NERVE BUILDER,

we offer (for a limited time) to send you, for 50 cents in stamps, seven weeks' treatment of this most marvellous blood enricher and nerve restorer. Physicians acknowledge that it contains the best ingredients known for building up healthy, rugged constitutions and for renewing run-down, "worn-out" people. That great results are produced by it, is proven by its immense sale wherever known. To introduce it to you, we make the above offer and we will send it postage paid in plain wrapper. You cannot afford to neglect this opportunity. Send to-day. We refund the money if you are not perfectly satisfied with benefits received.

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struction of one of the greatest gifts to man—physical strength.

To the right as far as I could see was Ain Karim, the birthplace of John the Baptist. We passed pilgrims, like ourselves, journeying to Jerusalem; some walking, others on mules or donkeys, while others had their whole earthly possessions on the back of a stately camel.

On each side of the road deep valleys swept down between the hills, along the base and up the sides of which were growing vines, olive and fig trees. But our eager spirits were growing restless as we watched the setting sun as we drew near the city that from our childhood we had been taught was "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mt. Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King."

Soon we began to descend towards the right, and in a moment the City of God burst on my view. The setting sun was bathing with golden light the hills that encircle Jerusalem, the wall also and the sacred spots in and around the city. The feeling of joy I cannot put into words, but to me no such impression is produced by the splendid ruins of Rome or Athens, or by the colossal ruins of Egypt's greatest and most venerable shrines. They are the ruins of genius and power, but this city, although trodden under foot by the Gentiles, is the one to which every sinner turns his soul, for within its walls the Son of God died to save the world from condemnation and death. One of the earliest and strongest desires of my life was realized, and I thanked the preserving care of the Superintending Power of the Universe, as I thought of its Temple with its splendor of cedar wood, the precious stones, the glory of Jehovah in its Holy of Holies, the holy prophets and illustrious kings who had once trodden its ancient streets, and, above all, Christ the Lord, who had made atonement for sin, that I was privileged to see it even now not afar off. As we approached the Damascus gate on the north, caravans of camels, donkeys, sheep for market, and their drivers were resting on the ground outside, eating their evening meal, animals and men alike sharing the comforts of their outdoor inn.

Near the city is the Jewish quarter without the walls, where they make a living by working olive and Jericho wood into souvenirs. It is sad to think anyone is welcome in Jerusalem but the Jew. Even their market is outside the walls. The ancient name of Jerusalem was Salem, of which Melchizedek was the historic king. In later time it became the chief fortress of the Jebusites and was named Jebus. This naturally fortified place occupied Mt. Zion, and must have been of considerable strength, for it defied the prowess of Israel until the time of David, who took the castle and called it the City of David, and the tomb of that king is shown the tourist to-day. The valley of Hinnom protected it on the west and south, the Tyropean valley on the east, and from the Jaffa Gate, a valley at places eighty feet deep extends to the Tyropean. This was the limit of the ancient city. It rapidly increased in population and extent during the reigns of David and Solomon, who built, in 1011 B.C., the great temple on the threshing floor of Aranuah on Mount Moriah and adorned it with Oriental magnificence.

The present walls, built in 1544, are from 20 to 40 feet high and from 10 to 15 feet thick, and are nearly two miles and a half in circumference. Some of the walls are ancient and probably belong to the time of Herod, and perhaps Christ. These very stones the apostles and the Lord himself may have looked upon.

(To be continued.)

HOME OF A LLOYDMINSTER SETTLER.

On the farm of C. E. Thomas, Sask. Mr. Thomas came out last year with the Barr colonists, reaching his homestead May 20. With the exception of sashes and enough lumber for doors all the material for the hhouse was found on the location.

Western Canada's Bright Future.

The signs are that Western Canada is to have a great year of prosperity. The area that will be sown this month will be nearly 3,800,000 acres. At an average yield of 20 bushels to the acre, this acreage will give a total yield of 76,000,000 bushels. It is no exaggeration to say that the yield per acre may be considerably more than 20 bushels. A crop of 76,000,000 bushels will be the largest crop ever raised in western Canada by about 10,000,000 bushels. Such a wheat production will bring more than $50,000,000 to a population that does not exceed 500,000—$100 to each man, woman and child in the country. Without mentioning other crops or domestic sources of wealth there will be poured into the country by reason of railway construction an immense amount of money.

The Canadian Pacific is spending millions on terminal improvements, extensions, betterment of permanent way, and irrigation.

The Canadian Northern will proceed rapidly with the extension of its main line to Edmonton.

Before the season is over the Grand Trunk Pacific will likely be at work in earnest in the prairie section of its transcontinental line. Thus the season is likely to be the most active western Canada has ever known. It will be a season in which unusual opportunities will present themselves to thousands.

All this development will be followed by still greater development. Some idea of what that may be can be gathered from the fact that between Winnipeg and Edmonton the Canadian Northern route passes through a rich wheat country for a thousand miles.

It is estimated that western Canada can support 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 of people. They are now arriving by the thousands and the time is not far distant when they will be coming by the hundreds of thousands.—Opportunity.

Be in Time.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all;
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you;
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart;
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained;
Be in time.

What is a Gentleman?

"A tall man helping somebody"—
'Twas thus the answer ran.
When a mother asked the question,
"What is a gentleman?"

"You're right, dear child," she gravely said,
"But to this let us add,
Whose heart is pure, who speaks the truth
And shuns whate'er is bad.

"Who steadfast goes in Duty's way,
Not weak like those of old—
Who ever feared the siren's song,
Though they were warriors bold.

"Who is polite to man and maid,
Does all the good he can,
Whate'er his dress or work or rank
Name him a gentleman."

Welcome to Spring.

After the winter's cold and snow,
After the winds that loudly blow,
Spring has come with her welcome train,
Gladly we greet them all again.
Buds and blossoms and balmy breeze,
Birds that sing in the forest trees;
The voice of the brook in a glad refrain,
Joins with the birds and the falling rain.

Welcome, thrice welcome to birds and bees,
To the blossoms fair, and the soft warm breeze,
To the voices of spring-time sweet and clear,
That softly float to the listening ear.
And thanks to the One who cares for all,
Who watches even "the sparrow's fall"
And who leads us safely with tender hand,
Through this life, to our home in the better land.

A 63-Mile Fence.

According to the Kansas City Journal, one of the longest fences in the Northwest is being constructed, running entirely around the Lower Brule Indian Reservation, on the Missouri River, in the central portion of South Dakota. This remarkable fence will be sixty-three miles in length. It is composed of four wires placed on posts set a rod apart, cedar and ash posts alternating. In its construction 250 mile of wire will be used, or 76,000 pounds. To erect the fence required an aggregate of 19,000 posts. In this long fence there will be only three gateways, which will be guarded when the fence is completed.

The fence is being constructed by the Indians themselves, under the direction of the agency authorities, the Indians receiving $2.50 per day for man and team and 1.25 per day for men. It is understood that next spring the government will issue stock cattle to the Indians, to be grazed inside this huge inclosure, the purpose of the government being to encourage the Indians in stock-raising so that they can ultimately support themseves.

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My cure for the Liquor Habit cures the Disease of Drunkenness. Write for the story of my cure, sent free.

Mention this paper.

JOHN BRODERICK'S AGENCY,
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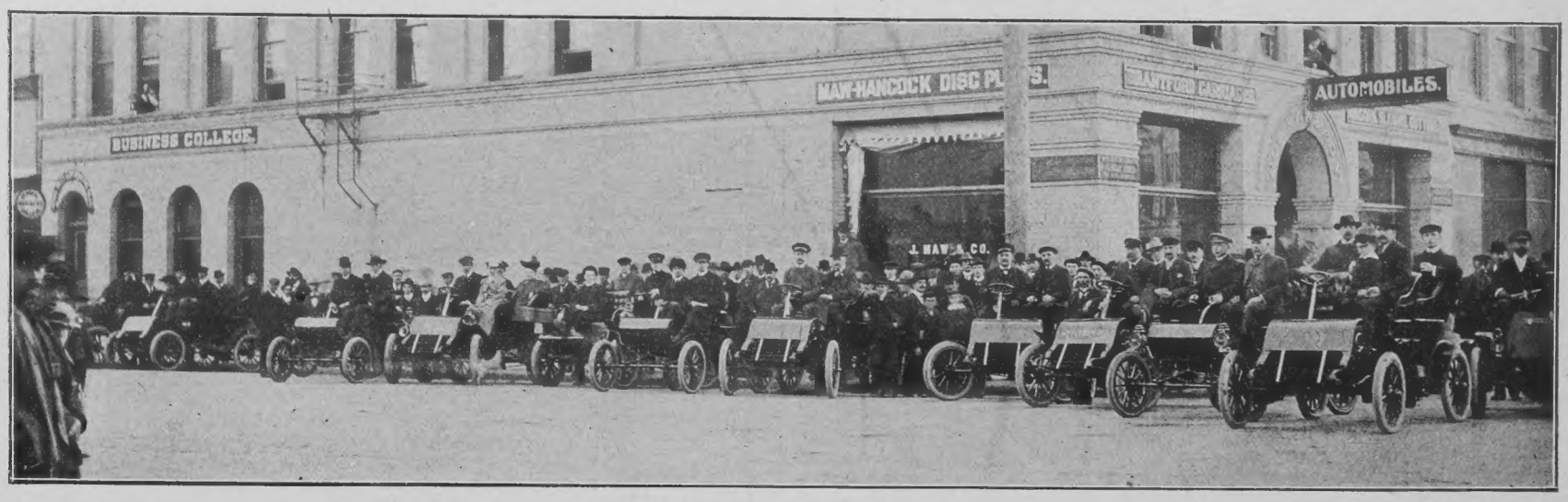

AUTOMOBILE RUN.

First turnout of the Winipeg Automobile Club. There were seventeen machines in the run, but only ten are shown in the cut.

"THE HAPPY HOME."

The Home

Having Company.

The letter read, "My dearest Sue,
Next Thursday I will spend with you,
I won't enjoy my visit, though,
If any trouble I bestow."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried Mrs. White,
"For company is such delight,"
But looking round her in dismay,
"I must get ready right away."

Armed with a dust-pan and a broom
She went to work in every room,
She oiled and polished, cleaned and rubbed,
And mended, scoured,washed and scrubbed.

Then in the kitchen she began,
While perspiration down her ran,
At pies and puddings, cakes and bread,
As if an army must be fed.

She toiled and fretted, cooked and baked,
She hurried, worried, stewed and ached,
When Thursday came, she, nearly dead;
Just managed to crawl out of bed.

And Mrs. Company came, too;
They kissed, and hugged, like women do,
And then began tired Mrs. White,
To make excuses, never right.

"Oh, dear, my house," then waxen clean,
"Is 'most too dirty to be seen,—
So shut your eyes—you're looking stout—
Take off your things—I'm just worn out.

"You must excuse my cooking, too,
It isn't fit to offer you."—
'Twas fit for kings—"Too bad you come
Just when I'm upside down at home."

And thus she welcomed and distressed,
And spoiled the visit of her guest,
Who wished she hadn't come to be
A tired woman's "company."

Lemon Marmalade.

Squeeze the lemons, boil the peels in water till soft, then take out the pith and pound the remainder in a mortar till quite fine, mixing with it a little of the juice. Pass it all, with the rest of the juice, through a sieve into a preserving pan. To every pound of pulp add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Boil it for half an hour or more, so that it sets, when cold, into a jelly.

Insomnia Cure.

A good recipe for insomnia is to sip a tumbler of hot milk before going to bed, as the milk and the heat thereof have a soothing effect, and produce a drowsy sensation.

Baked Meat and Potato Pudding

Boil a quantity of peeled potatoes till they are ready to crumble to pieces, drain, pick out every speck, clump and mash them as smooth as possible, make them into a thickish batter with an egg or two and some milk, placing a layer of chops, well seasoned with salt and pepper, at the bottom of a baking dish, cover with a layer of batter, and so on alternatey until the dish is full, taking care to have the batter at the top; butter the dish to prevent sticking or burning.

Duchess Potatoes.

Boil and mash one pound of potatoes, add one ounce of butter, the yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Roll out and cut into squares, brush over with beaten egg and brown nicely in the oven.

How to Have a Clear Skin.

Don't bathe in hard water, soften it with a little powdered borax or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm or very cold.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give the face a hot bath, with soap; then give it a thorough rinsing with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel; treat it as you would the finest porcelain, gently and delicately.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air; they give bloom and color.

Don't forget that the nurses of woman's beauty are seven—fresh air, sunshine, warmth, rest, sleep, food and whatever stirs the blood, be it exercise or enthusiasm.

Don't neglect sleep; you can even sleep yourself good-looking. A long nap and a hot bath will make any woman good-looking.

Don't forget that beauty is a power. There is nothing more potent; it is to a woman what capital is to a merchant. Its absence is a misfortune; its culture wise and proper.

It is a good plan to cleanse the face before retiring with a little cold cream, to remove dust, tan and sunburn. Apply with a soft piece of linen, rubbing it well over the face, then wipe off the superfluous moisture. This cleanses the skin better than water. Rain water should be used if possible or distilled or rose water.

Helpful.

Wash gas globes with warm soda water, and then rub the insides with a little powdered pumice stone. Rinse and polish with a soft cloth.

Dip children's frocks, pinafores, etc., in a solution of alum after they have been washed, for thus you will render them non-inflammable.

To prevent the heels of stockings wearing out line the back of each shoe with a piece of velvet. By preventing friction, this will greatly save the wear and tear of the stockings.

To clean a frying pan, or any other pan which has held grease, rub it well with soft paper before washing it and while it is still hot. This will save the hands, keep the washing-up water cleaner and prevent the dishcloth from becoming as soiled as it otherwise would be.

The inside of a teapot should be as clean as the outside. It is easily kept so if the pot is properly washed each time it is used. Stains inside a metal teapot may be removed by filling it with boiling soda water and letting it stand till cold. Afterwards rinse thoroughly in clear water.

To keep milk sweet for several days add a teaspoonful of fine salt to each quart of new milk.

Mix blacking with cold tea rather than with water, for thus a better polish is obtained on the boots.

What Wives Should Remember.

That Adam was made first.
That nine men in ten detest gossip.
That all angels are not of your sex.
That confidence begets confidence.
That men sometimes have "nerves."
That there should be no place like home.
That with all his faults you love him still.
That you should have no secrets from him.
That husbands have troubles of their own.
That home is more than half what you make it.
That he likes to hear that the baby is his dead image.
That a man likes neatness in your attire at all times.
That you should not run up bills without his knowledge.
That "a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."
That he is not in love with every woman he glances at.
That it is policy to let him believe he is "lord and master."
That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.
That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

France spends 35 per cent of her re sources on military preparations.

Over 41,000,000 pictorial postcards were delivered by the Swedish post-office last year.

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PYRO PLAQUES

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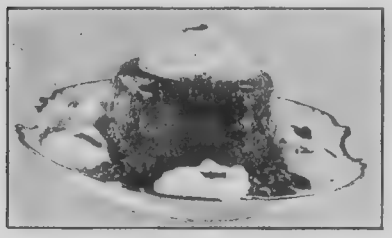
PREMIUM LIST FREE.
BLUE RIBBON, Dept. W.H.
WINNIPEG.

AN AXE TO GRIND

Seasonable

Rhubarb Jelly.

Delicious rhubarb jelly may be made by cutting rhubarb into pieces an inch in length, and then placing it in a dish with a cupful of sugar, one of water, a little ginger root and lemon peel, and



RHUBARB JELLY.

baking until the rhubarb is tender. Put some pink gelatine to soak; soften over hot water; strain into the rhubarb; add the juice of a lemon. Pour into a mould, and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Half-hour Pudding.

Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, with half a pint of powdered sugar; add the yolk of three eggs, beating them in thoroughly; then a rounded half-pint of cornmeal and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix well and bake in a pudding dish well buttered. Serve hot with sauce.

During the last year electrical railway companies ran their cars eleven times the distance from the earth to the sun, killed 1,218 persons and injured 47,429.

Gloves.

Wash and thoroughly dry your hands before placing your gloves on them; do not have them very tight about the palms and wrists; let them be of porous material and in all respects comfortable. In taking them off turn them inside out for airing. There are persons who think that gloves should be worn at night in order to preserve the softness of the hands. If you wish your hands to look faded, wear gloves at night, but if you wish them to preserve their natural characteristics use gloves when you are not in repose. While walking about in sun, wind, or rain, gloves will do you a very good service; at night, however—and here the hours of sleep are referred to—they are ill-suited to anyone.

Amount of Sugar to a Quart Jar

Cherries	6	ounces.
Strawberries	8	"
Raspberries	4	"
Quinces	10	"
Sour pears	8	"
Peaches	4	"
Bartlett pears	6	"
Pineapples	6	"
Crabapples	8	"
Plums	8	"
Pie plant	10	"
Sour apples, quartered	6	"
Ripe currants	8	"
Cranberries	12	"

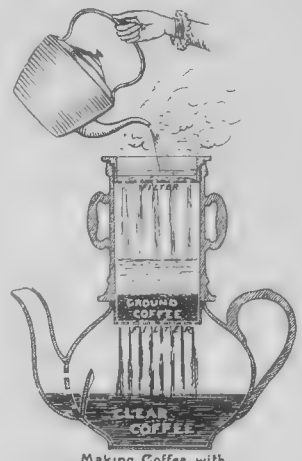
If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?"

"Well," she replied, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Making Delicious Coffee.

The following directions are issued by one of the largest coffee-roasting and packing firms in this country, and may be relied on. To get best results use a stoneware or earthenware pot, but a granite or porcelain one will do fairly well. An iron dish, or one in which the enamel is worn off, will discolor the coffee. Any vessel used must be kept scrupulously clean. Always use fresh water which has just come to its first boil and is steaming hard. Use a heaping dessert spoon of coffee to each cup of water, or two ounces to each quart.



Making Coffee with THE BLUE RIBBON COFFEE POT

With a filtering pot, as shown in cut, simply put in the required quantity of coffee and pour on the water. It will filter through in a few minutes and is then ready to serve. With ordinary pot, put the ground coffee in the pot, pour on briskly boiling water and let stand for 5 to 8 minutes where it will simmer, but not boil. After removing from stove a dash of cold water will settle the grounds fairly well instead of an egg. The liquor should be poured off the grounds as quickly as possible. Always pour the cream into the cups before the coffee. If milk is used it is much better hot.

To boil eggs for invalids, bring the water to the boil, then take the saucepan off the fire and place the egg in it for five minutes. This will cook the egg perfectly without making the white hard and indigestible. It is also well to boil an egg intended for a young child in this manner.

Squeeze a clean cloth out of hot water, dip it in whiting, and with this rub the paint till dirt is removed. Rinse well with clean water, dry with soft cloth, and polish with a chamois leather. Paint cleaned in this way looks like new, and the whiting will not injure even the most delicate colors.

Ladies Latest Silk and Lace Collar 10c., 3 collars 25c., postpaid. Order to-day to be in the fashion. Address
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Egg Separator Every house, hotel and restaurant needs it. Sample 10 cts. Agents wanted. Address T. T. STUCKEY & CO., Olds, Iowa, U.S.

Ginseng Fortunes in little gardens. Easily grown; hardy everywhere. Roots and seeds for sale. Plant in spring or fall. Complete booklet and magazine 4c. OZARK GINSENG CO., DEPT. O-6, JOPLIN, MO.

SUNNY SARAH Changes her dress, right in sight, when the sun shines bright, back again when its going to rain. Funny novelty for the boys. Postpaid 10c. silver. A. LETHE & CO., Fairfield, Maine.

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COURTING EVENTS.

Vancouver City, B.C.

By C. W. Guest

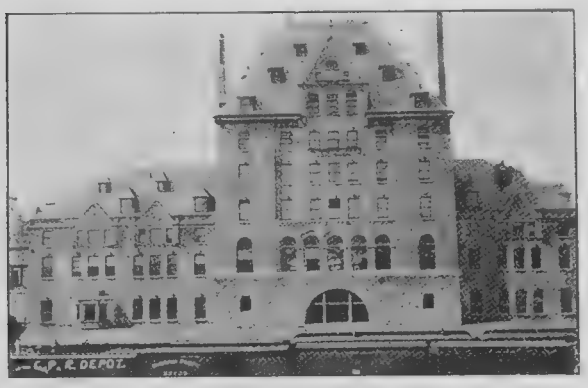
Vancouver, Britsh Columbia, is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway, and viewed from many standpoints, it is to-day one of the most interesting cities on the Pacific coast.

Its people are truly proud of their city, which they call the Sunset Door-

POST OFFICE, VANCOUVER, B.C.

way of the Dominion of Canada, and as we come to know it better, we feel that they are more than justified in their pride.

To-day there are about thirty-thousand folk resident therein, and only some eighteen years ago this fine city was merely a settlement in the bush with probably only one



C. P. R. DEPOT, VANCOUVER, B.C.

street, and a population of a few hundred souls.

Its principal portion is situate on a peninsula formed by two small branches of the gulf of Georgia, and built on land rising to an altitude of about two hundred feet, with a descent on either side to the sea.

The upper or northern portion of these two arms of the gulf, is named Burrard Inlet, and forms one of the most beautiful and peaceful harbors in the world, and which, by natural selection, constitutes the port for Vancouver's shipping. The southern portion of water is called False Creek, and is not navigable at present, except for small craft at high tide.

As one enters the beautiful harbor one is carried through a narrow channel, no more than a quarter of a mile wide, through which the immense quantity of water must pass in the ebbing and flowing of the tide into Burrard Inlet. Then is gradually revealed to one's view a thriving city, a haven as it were of peace, where one may rest after a troublous voyage across the ocean. To the left is a verdent slope formed by the foothills of the snow-capped peaks of mountains, standing as nature's sentinels, guarding the city, and away in front the still water of the inlet, three miles in breadth, and dotted with numerous craft, extends as far as the eye can reach, until it is lost among the hills. There, on its southern shore, one sees the faint puff of smoke of a C. P. R. train, as it approaches the city, hugging the water front. Then, on the right, is Vancouver, with its many towers and spires rising to the sky. Along its docks are ships from many ports, and here and there the fires of different mills burning the waste wood, while, nearing the city, one hears the hum of industry, and steps ashore into the centre of life and activity.

And all this in so short a time one remembers!

The business portion of the city is in every respect what one would find in any other modern centre of this size on the American continent. The stores are new and spacious and the offices are equipped with every convenience.

It presents excellent opportunities for the investment of capital, although caution is the quality most required by a new comer, or one unfamiliar with the country.

It is the distributing point of the whole of British Columbia, for the Yukon, and for many points east of its own teritory.

Some shrewd men say that instead of, as heretofore, the people of Eastern Canada being the purveyors for the west, the latter will distribute to the east, and this is not at all im-

HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.

BROCKTON POINT, STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

probable.

Vancouver has a very cosmopolitan community, and, to one who knows them, the people are extremely interesting.

There is a large Oriental settlement with its far Eastern associations, and from its members most of the domestic servants are chosen.

Amongst the whites almost all nations are represented, and because they have come from different distant points, and many of them travelled in many lands, their interests and ideas are diverse.

The climate of this coast is exceed-

HIGH SCHOOL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

ingly mild. Fine weather predominates in the summer, with very occasional showers, while, in the winter, much rain falls, and now and again snow comes, usually to depart in a few hours. Lots of beautiful bright weather intersperses the damp of the winter season, when one's blood tingles with the effect of the frost.

Vancouver has many handsome residences, practically all frame buildings, in which so many beautiful effects can be accomplished, and the lawns and gardens are profuse.

It has also numerous hotels and boarding houses, with first-class accomodation for visitors.

It possesses a splendid waterworks, electric light, street railway-works, also fire department, and its sewage system is one of the best that modern science has invented.

The city is annually visited by great numbers of tourists, for whose benefit an association exists, composed of the leading business men of the place. It has an office on one of the most important streets, and where every assistance and all information is supplied gratis.

There are many show places in and around Vancouver. Stanley Park, a peninsula of about 950 acres, is one of the most interesting, being very richly endowed by nature. It is encircled by a beautiful road of some nine miles in length, and there are many shorter roads and numerous by-paths for foot pasengers. It is a glorious place, where hundreds of people may betake themselves to recreate among the beauties that luxuriant nature provides.

Crossing a bridge over Coal Harbor, we come to the park ranger's house and gardens, which are a mass of flowers, according to the season, and nearby are the aviaries, the bear pit, the deer run, and the various houses for the animals.

Here one may take a seat and admire the lovely view along the harbor, while further on are the ponds with the sparkling fountains, and where the ducks and swans have their homes.

Besides its lovely park, this western city is attractive because it is near the sea, wherein people may disport themselves in the salt water when the weather is suitable, and whereupon they may sail or paddle their canoe, or row.

And, besides being a port with continuous communication with Australia, China, San Francisco, and the cities of the Puget Sound, as also with many of the largest ports of the world, it is the chief point of a wonderful new country, which is rich in mineral, in lumber, in fish, and other products of nature. These resources are only

BANK OF MONTREAL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

very little developed, and as they become more so, Vancouver must grow. With all the advantages that the

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Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.
When writing, please mention this paper.

terminus of the trans-Canadian Railway gives to it, it is shortly to be augmented by the entrance of the Great Northern Railway from Washington.

It has a very active Board of Trade, always on the alert to watch its interest; also, year by year, there has been a steady increase in the bank clearings, the figures of which amounted in 1902 to as much as $54,-251,549.00.

According to the customs returns, the total exports for Vancouver in 1902 amounted to $3,283,911.00, or an increase of $486,408.00 over the previous year.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Besides the Salmon Canning industry, whose total pack amounted in 1901 to 1,236,156 cases, there is the halibut and herring fisheries, which are receiving more attention.

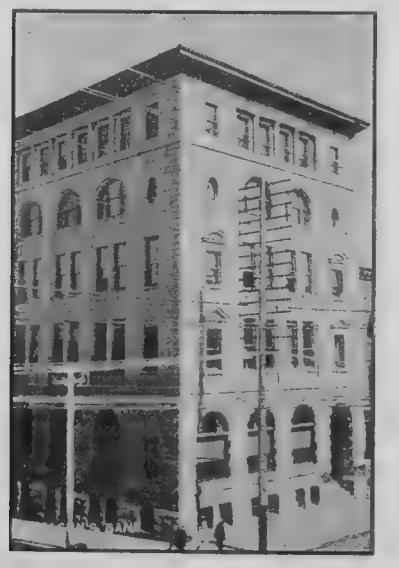
In the lumbering trade, the total export shipments of lumber from the whole province in 1902 were 55,000,-000 feet, and the shingle business grew to very large proportions.

Hence, therefore, it can easily be seen that Vancouver is a desirable place to reside in, from many standpoints, and no wonder that, with so many endowments, its population are so proud of it and have such faith in its future.

Depressions may occasionally come upon them as they do upon the communities of other Cities in the world, but in the end blessings will undoubtedly have their fruition, even probably beyond the highest hopes of the people.

Tribulations of a Tenderfoot.

The average tenderfoot leaves his native shore with an implicit reliance on the fostering care of the steamboat and railway officials and a firm belief that before he has properly left the ship on the other side he will be surrounded by benovelent employers competing with each other as to who will give him the softest and most lucrative job. These illusions have a brief of joyous existtence, but they are worthy of note in showing that faith in things human has not yet completely fled from this planet, even in these days of trusts and motor cars.



MOLSON'S BANK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Now I am what might be termed a convalescent tenderfoot and my experiences (which I intend to relate with a veracity which is seldom met with in this sinful world) may be instructive, and at the same time possibly amusing to the native of the soil.

"Good-bye, old chap, safe journey, you are sure to have lots of fun on board!" These were the last words I heard on leaving that particular part of the old country which had the honor of being the place of my nativity. I had lots of fun on board—bushels of it—but it wasn't exactly the kind of fun I expected.

The trouble began at Liverpool. Liverpool is confusing enough, goodness knows, for the mere sightseer, but when you are encumbered with all the baggage necessary for a trans-Atlantic trip and don't exactly know what you are doing or what your destination is, it's a little bit too much. My first mixup was at the exchange. Being collared by an aggressive person in gorgeous uniform who seemed to my unsophisticated mind to be an admiral at the very least, and asked if I had yet got my money changed, I meekly replied that I had'nt. and before I knew where I was he had me roped and thrown in a dingy office where a second gorgeous person demanded to know how much money I had to be changed. On finding out that I had no idea of foreign money he kindly commenced to explain and in about three minutes I had a confused notion that a Canadian dollar was worth a hundred English pounds, and that a hundred English pounds was equal to five cents. On leaving the office I started to count my wealth, and on the first calculation I came to the joyous conclusion that I had got $15 too much. A second computation showed me that I had gained to the tune of $40.85, and I commenced to debate the advisability of pawning all my possessions for English gold and going back to my accommodating admiral. For safety I went over my calculations and this time I found to my horror that the scoundrel had cheated me out of $5, and a further examination showed my losses to amount to exactly $15.10. Then I got mad and went back with the intention of getting the admiral arrested, but when I laid my case before that gentleman he kindly elucidaded the puzzle to my entire satisfaction and I buttoned up my purse and with the firm determination not to count my wealth again till I had the lesson off by heart.

The next move was to get myself and my paraphernalia on board the tender which was to leave the landing stage at 1.30 p.m., and convey us to the liner which at that time was about a mile off. in the centre of the river. This was a seemingly simple performance, but only seemingly so. A kindly policeman informed me that the tender would leave from a certain part of the landing stage. Wishing to make assurance doubly sure I asked a Liverpudlian, who told me it left from another stage about a mile off.

EMPRESS OF INDIA LEAVING VANCOUVER.

A third pointed out quite a different place and then I gave it up and asked someone else what kind of a funnel the tender had. He said red, with a black top, but a porter who overheard my query said that was wrong and that she had a black funnel with a red top. Appealing to a third, I was informed her funnel was black with a white top and by the time I had concluded my researches I found that I had to look for a tender at four places, with a funnel of 16 different colors, and that she departed at 12.30, at 12.45, at 1 p.m. and 1.15. To this day I do not know how I managed it, but eventually I found myself aboard the right vessel, a member of a motley crowd,, greenhorns like myself all wonder and confusion, and some old stagers who treated their voyage literally as an Atlantic ferry.

VANCOUVER, B.C., LOOKING ACROSS BURRARD INLET.

COURT HOUSE, VANCOUVER, B.C.

For the first portion of the voyage the weather was perfect, it smiled but to deceive, as far as Moville, in county Donegal, Ireland, where we touched for some four hours, the sea was like a river. Alas that some of our fairest hopes are thus deceived, but that, as the immortal Rudyard saith, is another story.

The first of a long series of sea accidents befel me on retiring to my cabin. I occupied a lower berth, and travellers will know the caution and experience required to get into a lower berth without coming in contact with some of the furniture. I began by sitting down suddenly on something hard and spiky, and jumping up with indecent haste and a cuss word, my unfortunate skull tried conclusions with some ironwork in the upper story. When I recovered from the shock I prepared to seek well-earned repose, but there was more sorrow ahead. I had never slept on a ship before and I ignorantly fancied that the beds were made similarly to those on shore. But they weren't. Instead of slipping gently down into the tube of bedclothes as I should have done, I got in as I was used to in my now regretted home, and the rest of that awful night was one long duel between myself and the bedclothes, in which the

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latter came out an easy first, and I rose next morning with the feelings of a man who has walked 40 miles on the prairie through three feet of snow. I went to the bedroom steward and haughtily reprimanded him for the careless way in which he had made my bed. He was a sad looking man, a man who looked as though he had drank of the cup of life's bitterness to the dregs, but when he saw what had occurred he laughed as surely no man had ever laughed before, and in a brief few words he showed me the blanked idiot I had made of myself. I tipped that steward extra heavily as a bribe to keep the shameful secret, but I fear he found the joke too good to keep, as several of my fellow passengers that day enquired most particularly whether I had found my bunk comfortable during the night.

Honor to an Aged Senator.

Recently the distinctions of party and place were absent from an assemblage in the senate chamber at Ottawa. It was a gathering to do honor to the senior legislator of the Dominion and of the world, Hon. David Wark, who, in February last, passed the hundredth milestone of his life journey.

In the seats of senators sat members of the commons, with their leaders, as Mr. Borden remarked, sitting for the first time on the same side of the house. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the leader of the opposition occupied adjacent chairs. Near them were grouped ministers of the crown, and ex-ministers, while quite a number of ladies graced the occasion with their presence. There was an impressiveness about the whole proceeding unknown in any ceremony ever held within the halls of parliament.

Everybody present arose and applauded vigorously as Senator Wark entered the chamber, supported by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Hon. R. W. Scott. Bowed by age, yet steady of step, he walked to the dias and took the speaker's crimson-cushioned chair. There was scarcely a trace of agitation in the aged senator's mien. He looked pleasantly upon the gathering, and when he leaned forward, as the speaker of the senate read the formal address, it was in an attitude suggestive not of decreptitude, but of intense earnestness and alertness.

The address was expressive of the high esteem in which the venerable senator was held by all. Speaking of the old gentleman's history it said:

"We may be permitted to call attention to some points which show over how wide a historical world your life's journey has extended. Born when William Pitt, worn out in the struggle with the great Napoleon, was drawing near the close of his career, your memory can distinctly recall the battle in which the principles for which the British statesman fought finally triumphed. You left your native Ireland for New Brunswick in early manhood, before the days of Catholic emancipation, and long before the passing of the reform bill of 1832.

"You settled in the home of your adoption when the province was still practically a crown colony, and took a part in the prolonged, but bloodless, campaign which replaced an irresponsible administration by one controlled by the wishes of the people. During the latter part of the contest, you, in the prime of life, fought for popular rights as a member of the elective branch of the provincial legislature, and after the battle was finally won, you passed 54 years ago to the upper house. This, it may be observed, was four years before the Crimean war.

"Called to the senate at mature age, you are now, with a single exception, the only survivor of those appointed by her late majesty in 1867. In both houses of the provincial legislature and in our own body, you always devoted your talents and energy to parliamentary work, with a single eye to the good of the people and particularly with respect to education and inter-provincial trade, took effective action in New Brunswick, which anticipated what has since been done throughout the Dominion."

To the address which was read by Speaker Power, the Hon. Mr. Wark in a low, but distinct, voice said: "I thank you for this flattering address. I never expected anything of the kind, nor do I deserve it, but at the same time feel deeply grateful to you and to those whom you represent for such an expression of kindliness and friendship. There is no part in it with which I agree so heartily as the last sentence. I join with you most cordially in the belief that God exercises a wise Providence over the affairs of this world, and especially over the affairs of this empire; that He intends to make it a powerful, populous and prosperous empire, united under our gracious sovereign, in a policy of peace, and that it will be greatly blessed, under His guidance, in bringing about the happy time when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. I thank you again for your kindness and for the kindness of the whole house."

After the applause which followed had ceased a portrait of the venerable senator was exposed to the company. It is said to be a splendid likeness, and will be hung in the gallery.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. R. L. Borden, leader of the opposition, Hon. R. W. Scott and Sir Mackenzie Bowell each made a few remarks, congratulating Mr. Wark, and expressing esteem from both sides of the Commons and Senate.

CORDOVA ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.

Johnny—I wish I was Tommy Jones.

Mother—Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys and more money.

Johnny — Yes, but he can wigle his ears.

What They Say!

"Send me your valuable paper."—Souris, Man.

"We would like to have it again."—Calgary, Alta.

"We think it as good a paper as is printed."—Carstairs, Alta.

"I think it is a very nice paper for boys and girls."—Strathewen, Man.

"I think The Western Home Monthly a spicy journal and do not like to miss getting it regularly."

See our clubbing offers, and offer to Boys and Girls under Puzzle Column of this issue.

How Japan Can Win.

If Port Arthur, Corea and Vladivostock fall into Japanese hands, the dominion of Russia in East Asia is ended. Its raison d'etre vanishes, since the outlet upon the sea is lost. Established at these three points the Japanese can make themselves so strong that, so long as they retain command of the sea and hold their army in leash, they can consider their position impregnable. Port Arthur in Japanese hands is unassailable by land, Corea can be defended for the greater part by a chain of defensive forts across the 100 miles of the narrowest part of the peninsula on the principle of Torres Vedras: even if Vladivostock cannot be held indefinitely against the might of Russia, it can be stalemated and rendered useless by the occupation of the islands commanding the entrance to the port.

Here then is the vital chord severed, and here must Russia fight, 5,000 miles from her real base, and with every moral and material disadvantage, or not fight at all. It is 1812 reversed, and it is Russia that is cursed with all the disadvantages of Napolean's fatal ambition. The Japanese army remains intact, the nation unspent, and take what course Russia may, she remains exposed to an offensive return, along all the wide frontage of the sea, by the concentrated weight of her enemy's arms.—London Times.

Jobkins (putting down his paper at the breakfast table)—I see old Katamole is the right man in the right place at last.

Mrs. Jobkins—Where is he?

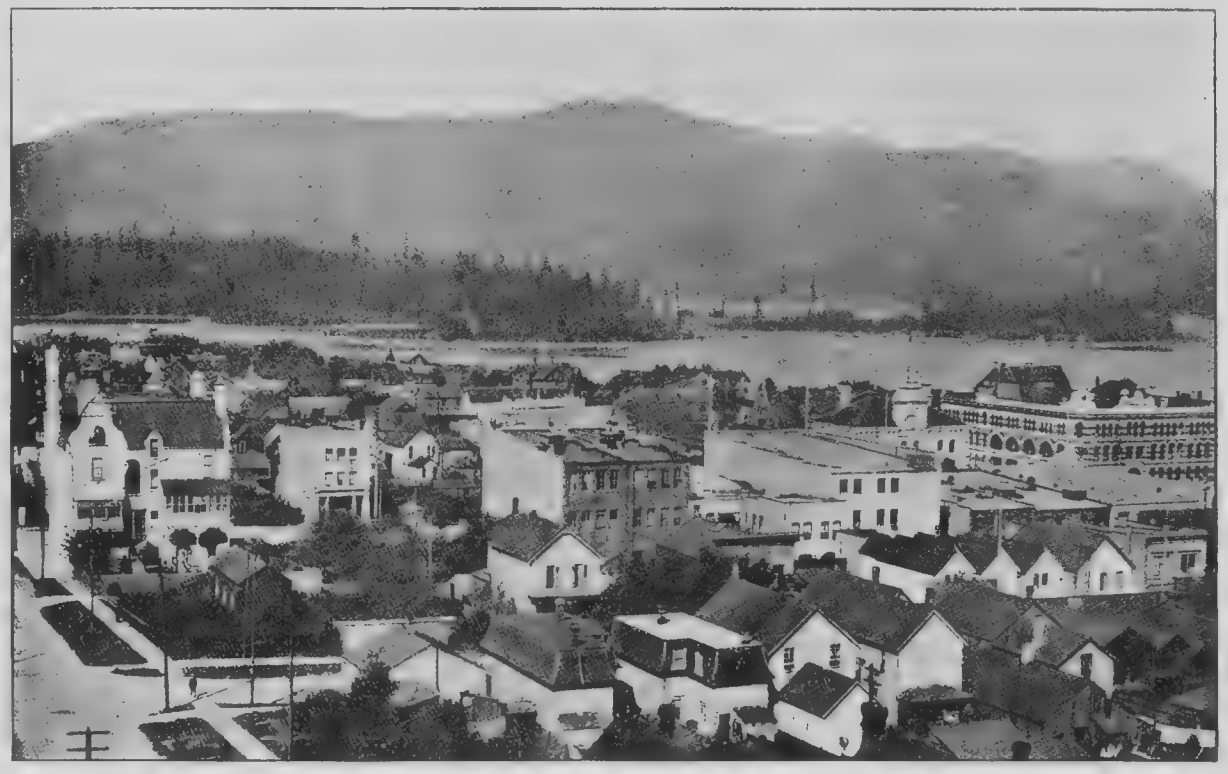
Jobkins—In the penitentiary.—Cleveland Leader.

German Girls at School.

When the German girl is four or five years old she may be sent to a kindergarten, but there is no serious attempt at education before she has completed her sixth year. Parents are compelled by law to send their children to school while they are between the ages of six and fourteen. The girls in German schools are taught reading, writing, spelling, geography, and the simplest arithmetic. In the higher schools, French, English, history, and German literature are included in the course, history, literature and art are taught in schools of the highest grade. Twice a week there are gymnastics.

An important part of a girl's education is her instruction in domestic science. She is taught how to knit and darn stockings, and how to repair towels, and bed and table linen, skillfully. She crochets lace and other things,and makes all kinds of cross stitch work. Most German girls of the upper classes have some musical education. As a rule, they play better on the piano than they sing. Until lately there has never been an attempt in German schools to teach girls either Latin or Greek.

To such an extent does religion prevail at Gonotoa, in the South Seas, that every man, woman and child on that island who does not go to church at least three times a week is liable to be arrested and fined.



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When writing, please mention this paper.

Was It Stealing?

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Donald Macdee.

It had come to the knowledge of the senior partner of a large Winnipeg wholesale house that the cashier of the firm, who was only receiving the modest sum of $75 per month had sent his young wife away to California to spend the winter. Now $75 per month may be fairly good wages in some countries.

"MEDITATION"

But it does not go very far, where house rent is from $30 per month up, and coal is $11 per ton. It was thus that the big wholesaler reasoned out, so, Saturday, being a half-holiday, he requested his junior partner to meet him in the office in the afternoon. A careful examination was entered into of the cashier's accounts, and the discovery was soon made that he was a few hundred dollars short. The older man, who was, in his way, a very good man, a strict upholder of the law of Moses, wanted to go straight to the police magistrate's office on James St., and swear out a warrant for the delinquent's arrest. The junior partner, however, had a tender spot in his heart for the man who had strayed from the path of rectitude and urged that the young man might have an explanation to offer, and counselled that he be sent for.

The senior yielded. A messenger-boy was called for by telephone and the cashier, in response, soon arrived, entering the office deathly pale, and thereby proclaiming his guilt. His employer sternly demanded an explanation of the shortage. The defaulter braced himself against the desk, and stated that he had married an old school mate, a girl he had loved from childhood, her health had given away, and the attending physician had informed him that she could not possibly stand the rigorous climate of Manitoba for the winter. In desperation he had borrowed the necessary amount to send her to California for the winter, and, by renting his house furnished, and living in a cheap boarding-house he had hoped to make good the amount before being discovered, and as the books showed, he had already paid part of the amount originally taken.

The employer sternly said, "If you had asked me for a loan, I would have given it to you, but those that steal, must go to jail."

The cashier answered, "I would have given my life to save my wife and I am willing to take the punishment, and go to jail."

Just then, like a bolt from Heaven, the little nine-year old daughter of the senior partner, sprang to the middle of the floor, and turning to her father, she stamped her foot on the floor, saying, "You bad cruel man, you shan't be my papa any more, nor I won't kiss you again, if you send him to jail. That wasn't stealing, he jus' borrowed it, an' you mus' let him pay it back, as he was going to."

The stern employer was taken completely by surprise, he had forgotten that he had brought the child with him to the office, while the little girl had been so engrossed by pictures in a corner, that she had attracted no attention.

After the outburst, the father turned toward his junior and asked his opinion. The junior replied that he thought the child was right, and added, "You know sir, the bible says, "A little child shall lead them," and also, "Ye shall be slow in condemnation of an erring brother." Now the older man was a close bible student, and a regular attendant at church. Although a strict disciplinarian, and a strong believer in the punishment of the evil-doer, he was not hard-hearted, and all he wanted in this particular case, was a semblance of scriptural authority, for an exercise of leniency. The junior's quotations just fitted in. Turning to the disgraced cashier, he said, "You can thank God that that child was in the room, otherwise you would now be on your way to jail. I have decided to give you a chance to redeem yourself, but let this be a lesson to you to never again take one cent that is not your own. You can report for duty Monday morning."

The cashier, who had hitherto by forced will, borne up, now turned to the little girl, and said, "You are an angel." He then completely broke down. The child also wept, and placing her arms around the cashier's neck, she sobbed, "Don't cry, your wife will get well, and come home, and you will be all right."

The cashier did not sleep very soundly that night, but probably rested as easily as did his employer. The senior partner was a conscientious man, and believed to a certain extent in the golden rule.

During the night his child's cry, "You are a bad cruel man," rang in his ears. He examined himself, to find if he deserved the denunciation. The conclusion that he arrived at before morning was that he had, and when he went to his warehouse Monday morning, he sent for his cashier, and informed him that he had carefully considered his case, and had arrived at the conclusion that for the past year he had been underpaid, and that he could credit himself with $15 per month extra salary, and with the same increase for the future. He also directed the cashier to find a boarding house suitable to his station.

Years have now rolled by. The cashier's wife returned in good health. The little girl has grown into young womanhood. She is one of the brightest jewels in Winnipeg society, is doing much to alleviate suffering, and to raise the fallen. She is still of the opinion that "It was not stealin'," and a little daughter of the cashier is a great favorite with her.

The cashier on his part has also prospered, by frugality and wise investments. He still considers the senior partner's daughter as an angel, and speaks of her with a reverence approaching almost to adoration.

Rules Worth Keeping.

Dr. West, who lived half a century ago, left the following rules as general way-marks in the journey through life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or whatever others may regard as such., however absurd they may appear to be.

Never show levity when others are professedly engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the motives of the author of it.

Never on any occasion retaliate

Never judge a person's character by external appearances.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never think worse of another because he differs from you on religious or political questions.

Never dispute if you can fairly avoid it.

Never obtrude advice unasked.

Never affect to be witty so as to wound the feelings of another.

Say as little as possible about yourself and about those who are near to you.

Three Irishmen wanted to learn English. One learned to say in English, "Consulting with one another." The second learned to say, "We three." The third learned to say, "Sooner the better." One day they were out walking and saw a dead man lying in the road. They stopped and were talking, when a policeman came up and asked what they were doing. The first answered, "Consulting with one another." "Who killed that man?" The second said, "We three." "I will hang you on a tree." The third said, "Sooner the better."

During the last three years twenty-two millionaires have died in England. Their average age was 75 years.

Served with a silver spoon

A new Canadian process, preserves the very best elements of the very best Canadian wheat.

The result is Orange Meat —the essence of a perfect, sustaining food.

It requires no cooking—every particle is perfectly digestible. It is supplied in germ-proof packages, and may be served hot or cold.

Each 15c. package contains a coupon. Your grocer will tell you what they mean—heavy silver-plated table service free—made by the same manufacturer, of the same material and in the same manner as the silverware on most of your tables now.

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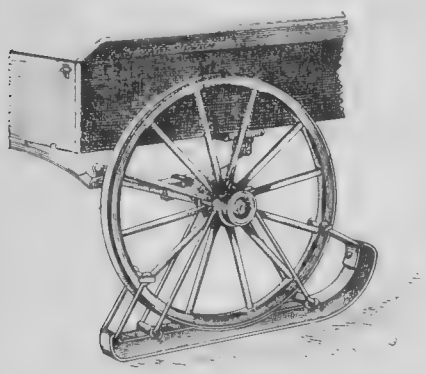
Garden and Flowers

Detachable Sleigh Runner.

In sections of Manitoba and the Territories the article shown in the illustration herewith will prove quite useful. The Scientific American says that it can be readily applied to the wheels of a wagon, thus converting it temporarily into a sleigh. Such an attachment we show herewith. It will be observed that the runner can be applied in an instant. The wheel is drawn up on to the runner and seated in a hollow therein. The



runner is provided with hinged braces which are swung up against the wheel and secured by bolts passing through eyes formed in the ends of the braces. The bolts pass over the spokes of the wheels and thus rigidly secure the wheel to the runner. Key-bolts are used instead of the usual threaded bolts. By this arrangement a driver can in a very short space of time convert his wagon into a sleigh without requiring any tools other than a hammer or bar with which to drive the keys in place.

Dandelion Days.

The skies have caught a deeper blue,
  The birds a sweeter song;
The willows wreathe themselves anew
  In tender greens along
The winding brooks. The sheltered nooks
  Are bursting all ablaze
With stars untold of gleaming gold,
  In dandelion days.

No song more limpid or more sweet
  Than yonder bird's; no sheen
Like that of grass beneath my feet—
  Than emeralds more green .
No softer breeze e'er stirred the trees
  Than this, that gently sways
The budding beech beyond my reach,
  In dandelion days.

The song re-echoes in the heart,
  The breezes stir the blood;
Within the brain fresh fancies start,
  And wake a nobler mood.
Viewed through the clear, pure atmosphere,
  Life takes a loftier phase
And seems possessed of keener zest
  In dandelion days.

A magic spell rests on the year,
  And time has stayed its flight;
For long-lost springtides reappear
  In pageants of delight.
A child once more, I wander o'er
  The meadow's starry maze,
And life foregts its sharp regrets
  In dandelion days.

— Julian E. Goodwin.

Geraniums.

What plant is more useful or desirable than the geranium? Its giant clusters of brilliant flowers stand the blazing sun for weeks. Touch the foliage, and the spicy fragrance will make you homesick for "mother's garden." None other is such a keen reminder of childhood's days as the Geranium, be it the balm, ivy, rose, Lady Washington, or Gen. Grant. Its outward variations are many, still it is the same dear old plant, gracing alike the conservatory or the cottage window.

A Living Basket.

Did you ever make a hanging basket by removing the inside of a carrot or sweet potato, leaving a wall about three-quarters of an inch thick?

Pass cords through holes pierced in the sides, and fil the cavity with water, and the basket is complete. In a few days, upturning sprays of green will sprout from the bottom and cover the outside. Then if a small bunch of violets is put in this quaint little cup, it will make a most charming addition to the room.

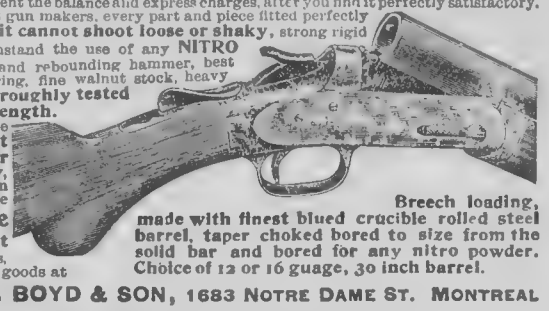
A Japanese Garden.

One of the delights of a visit to Japan is the Japanese garden. The Japanese are past-masters in the art of landscape gardening, as in every branch of that beautiful and fascinating occupation. From generations of nature-loving and flower-worshipping ancestors, they inherit a skill, a knowledge, and a proficiency in dealing with flowers and plants that may well be the despair of Western horticulturists. Whether the garden space be large or small, a wonderful artistic taste leads to its most successful treatment, and usually a miniature landscape of singular beauty is evolved, filled with all sorts of vegetable miracles; dwarf trees, a hundred years old; huge single flowers, cherry and plum trees that have no fruit, but a profusion of beautiful blossoms. Wonderful things are done with ferns, which are grown in many fantastic shapes—the familiar fern-balls, dragons, junks, boats, bells, circles and so on. If the ground be anything larger than the merest scrap, there will be a tiny lake, a stone lantern, a bridge, and dwarf pines; there will also be little pavilions for tea drinking, cascades and pools with the gold and silver fish for which Japan is famous; lawns, grottoes, hills, valleys, little bridges just large enough for a rat or frog to pass under, and hundreds of similar fantasies.

Where opportunity is more favorable, really magnificent results are attained, and in the landscapes produced under such circumstances the artistic temperament of the Japanese finds a full and cengenial field for its manifestation.

LONG DISTANCE SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN $6.50

Send us $1.00 deposit, state if the $6.50 or $7.50 gun is wanted. State guage desired, and we will send this **guaranteed long distance single barrel shotgun** C. O. D., by express, subject to examination, you to pay the express agent the balance and express charges, after you find it perfectly satisfactory. **This Fine Gun** is made by expert gun makers, every part and piece fitted perfectly and reinforced so **it cannot shoot loose or shaky**, strong rigid steel frame built extra solid to withstand the use of any **NITRO POWDER**, latest improved top snap and rebounding hammer, best quality steel works, extra strong spring, fine walnut stock, heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip **thoroughly tested for pattern, penetration and strength.** **For $7.50** in all we will furnish the same gun with **latest improved automatic shell ejector** which throws shell out automatically, making it possible to reload and fire in rapid succession. Order to-day or write for our **Special Gun Catalogue** which contains **single barrel shotguns at $3.75 up**, and everything in rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sportmen's goods at factory prices.



Breech loading, made with finest blued crucible rolled steel barrel, taper choked bored to size from the solid bar and bored for any nitro powder. Choice of 12 or 16 guage, 30 inch barrel.

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Forcing Plants by Fire.

A curious phenomenon connected with the forcing of flowers under somewhat exceptional circumstances was observed not long ago by M. J. Jolly.

On the second of September last, a large fire broke out in the village of Chaussee-sur-Marne, between Chalons and Vitry-le-Francois, and destroyed a large part of the village, The fire, urged by the wind, spread as far as it was possible, and consumed the last houses on the side toward the country. It also attacked the neighboring trees forming part of a large pear and apple orchard, and reduced the two first rows entirely to ashes. The three following rows, protected by the first, and the distance, remained standing, although considerably damaged and badly scorched. The injury done to the sixth row was naturally not so great. A goodly number of branches, nevertheless, were scorched and unable to resist the heat, while the remainder subsequently exhibited a peculiar phenomenon, viz., a second flowering This began at the end of September, and in October all the branches of the trees except those that had been scorched were covered with blossoms, as in the month of May, the ones most heavily laden with flowers being those that had been most exposed to the action of heat. That is not all. In another direction the fire had ceased in the vicinity of some lilac bushes, and these, as well as some plum trees, flowered anew, the lilacs in particular being covered with blossoms.

It is to be remarked that the conflagration lasted but four hours at the most, and there is therefore nothing here that resembles an ordinary forcing. All the species that blossomed are those whose buds for the following year are formed in the month of August. Now the facts gathered by M. Jolly, an eye witness, seem to show that it is possible for a momentary but strong action of heat to produce a second flowering. Does this exert a local influence, a certain desiccation of the organs of the trees? It is possible; and we have seen that a previous desiccation is necessary for forcing, just as it is, according to Geard, for the parthenogenetic development of certain eggs. At all events, the fact might and ought to serve as a starting point for experiments from which might be derived practical hints for the forcing of fruits and flowers. With early varieties, it might be possible to obtain two crops, the regular one in the spring and a supplementary one in the fall, provided strong heat were employed, although for a short time, as soon as the buds are formed. This would be more economical than the present methods, since the heat necessary for the development of the flowers and fruit would be furnished, not by coal, but by Dame Nature. Some horticulturist or amateur would do well to make the experiment. —Scientific American.

A Four-Legged Genius.

A Rhode Island dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate, but failed every time. He stopped a moment, and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it, and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then wagged his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.—Dumb Animals.

A Japanese Garden.

Ground Map of United States.

Growing on six acres of a gentle southern slope of Tesson Hill at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, is the largest geographically correct map ever constructed. This map is 480 feet long from east to west and extends from north to south 240 ft. The map is the main feature of the large open-air exhibit by the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture. The several acres were fenced off early in April, 1903, and the entire tract was richly fertilized. The ground was plowed and harrowed, the soil pulverized, and the entire tract was sowed to cow peas. This crop not only enriches the soil but prevents the growth of weeds and will render the subsequent plowing unnecessary. As the crops to be grown will require to be planted at intervals up to a short time before the opening of the exhibition further plowing would prove impracticable. When an exhibit is ready to be installed the gardeners simply pull up the cow peas covering the space required. The ground is found to be in receptive condition and requires but little work upon it. The monster map is, of course, the main feature of this comprehensive exhibit, and the crop grown on this small farm will cost the government considerably more than $1,000 per acre.

A belt of blue grass lawn twenty feet wide establishes the boundary and coast lines of this gigantic map. The boundary lines between the states are marked by cinder paths three feet wide. The territory comprising the fourteen states and territories of the Louisiana Purchase is marked by a white gravel walk. The states themselves are to be planted in growing crops of the principal agricultural products of the state. The cinder and gravel walks serve as promenades, and are of sufficient width to permit the free passage of visitors. Thus a labyrinth of passageways is created and the visitor may wend his way through the maze and see by actual demonstrations just what crops are grown in every part of the United States and how they are raised. The cereals will be the features of the great northwest, while down in Florida will be seen growing the pineapple and orange and other semi-tropical fruits and crops. Tobacco will be a prominent feature of Kentucky's allotment, while sugar cane and cotton will be found growing in the plots of ground representing the other southern states.

Not only will the products of each state be shown on this map by growing crops, but the section of the state on which each commodity is most grown will be shown. In the great northwestern state of Washington the map shows that wheat, corn, potatoes, hay and the wild grasses that thrive in the semi-arid districts are more largely grown in the eastern portion, while in the west hay, clover, vetches, timothy, orchard grasses, wheat, barley and buckwheat the line is as distinctly drawn by a wave of color as is the line that divides the muddy waters of the Mississippi from those of the comparatively clear Ohio at the junction of the two rivers at Cairo, Ill.—Farm Implements.

Sweet Peas.

A writer in the Floral Magazine says: In nearly all the directions for growing sweet peas we are advised to plant them so the rows will run north and south. I followed these instructions for six years, with very indifferent success. Last spring I desired to change the location of my sweet pea bed and see if they would not do better. In the only available place the rows would have to run east and west. I decided they could not do much worse, so the ground was prepared, a wire trellis put up, and the seeds planted. The season was late, cold and wet, and they were late in coming up, but when they did start they grew nicely, and soon covered the support. The flowers were freely produced, were large and a fine variety of colors, more white ones than usually come in mixed seeds.

I had only a short row, probably six or seven feet long, but for three months I gathered two, sometimes three, large bunches every week. I neglected to mulch, or to give the vines any fertilizer, and while they gave a few flowers until fall, they were not so freely produced as earlier in the season. I was very well satisfied with my experience, and decided that the direction of the row did not have so very much to do with growing sweet peas successfully, provided they are in an open place, and can have plenty of sun. I believe the main things are deep planting, shallow at first, filling up as the vines grow; rich, mellow soil, plenty of water at the roots, and a good rich mulch after dry weather sets in.

Cultivating Rhubarb.

Jonathan Periam gives, in the Inter-Ocean, the following directions for cultivating rhubarb:

"The land should be made as rich as possible with manure plowed deeply under. Furrow out the rows, four feet apart, and plant the sections or roots, containing three or four eyes, three feet apart in the rows, so the crowns are about two inches below the surface. Firm the earth well about the roots and cover the rows evenly and level. To get the best success the plants require plenty of manure and plenty of water, the former in the shape of compost, preferably. Cultivate to keep the ground free of weeds, and next season you should have strong footstalks to the leaves, which are gathered by a sideways pull and twitch, learned by practice.

In the autumn, before freezing weather, cover with long manure, to be raked off in the spring. The plants (stools) will get larger and larger until they are four or five years old, when they should be taken up, suitably separated and replanted. The stalks are advanced by putting a barrel without head over each plant.

When you have a good supply of old plants, they may be taken up with as much earth as possible and set closely together in the cellar, when, if watered, they will grow and produce tender, blanched leaf stalks. A better way is to force the stools in a gentle hotbed.

Have A Lawn.

A writer in one of the leading floral magazines says that nothing adds so much to the attractiveness of a home, be it large or small, as a neat, well-kept lawn. Without it the home is like a picture without a frame. Flowers are beautiful, and no home should ever be without them, but they should never prevent us from having a stretch of rich green sward about the house, and between it and the road or street. Its cool, refreshing color rests the eye, and the large or litte sweep of greenness gives an air of quiet dignity and repose to the place that can never be attained without it. By all means have a lawn, no matter how small it is, and keep your flower-beds to one side or the rear of it. Never mar a small lawn by cutting it up with beds. A clean, free stretch of sward is vastly more pleasing than one broken up by flower beds and shrubbery, unless it is of considerable size.

The Naming of Flowers.

Flowers are not always named by chance.

Take the dahlia, that was named after Dahl, a Swedish florist and discoverer of the flower. The magnolia, after Magnol, a noted French botanist, Fuschsia, after Fuchs, a distinguished German savant.

But there is only one instance reported of a man and flower receiving a name at the same time. Marechal Niel, on his return from the Franco-Austrian war, received a basket of beautiful yellow roses from a peasant woman. One of the stems had a root clinging to it, and this the Marechal took to a florist in Paris, under whose care it became a thriving bush, laden with blossoms. This Niel took as a gift to the Empress Eugenie, who, on hearing that it was nameless, said: "It shall be the Marechal Niel." At the same time she bestowed upon the astonished general the jeweled baton indicating his high rank of Marshal of France.—Exchange.

The Vegetable Season.

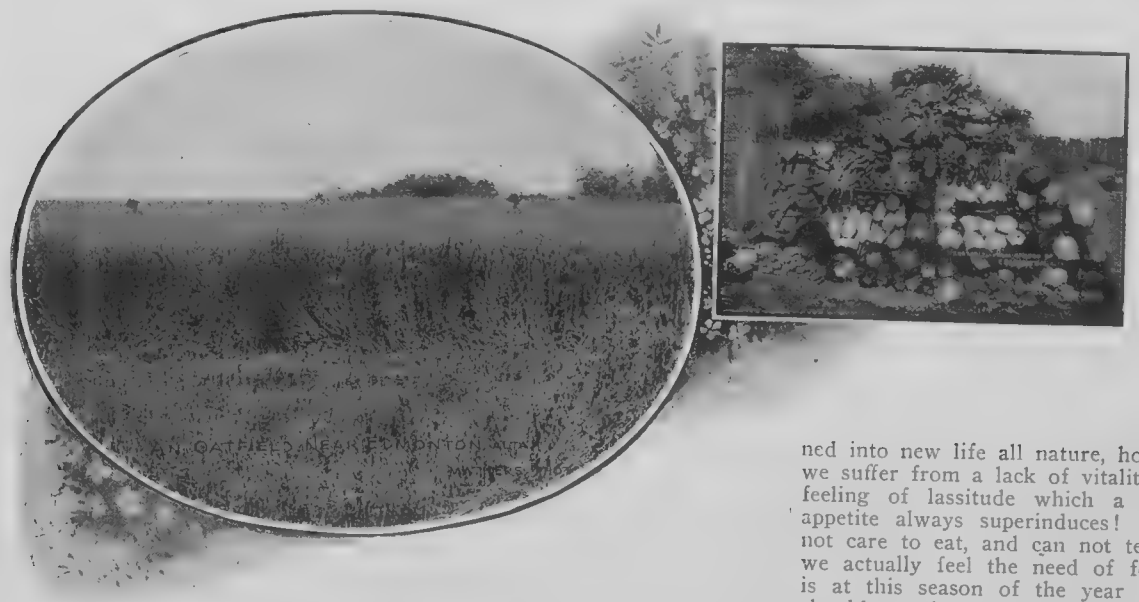
During the spring days, when the warm sunshine, gentle rains and soft breezes have kissed, moistened and fanned into new life all nature, how often we suffer from a lack of vitality and a feeling of lassitude which a flagging appetite always superinduces! We do not care to eat, and can not tell when we actually feel the need of food. It is at this season of the year that we should supply our tables with such daintily prepared food as will not only tempt the eye, but whet the appetite.

The lack of any particular ingredient in our food is often indicated to us by a longing for it. We feel a strong desire to eat particular things, and no others; and such desire may generally be taken as a safe indicator that the body needs them.

In warm weather we need more liquid food. Less meat is needed, and the nitrogeneous substances required in the body may be taken in the form of milk, eggs, cheese, beans, peas, etc., and with good wholesome bread and fresh butter, plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit, there need be very little money expended for meats, except where meals are prepared for men who are employed at manual labor, and even then a special diet properly arranged would save considerable on the marketing bill.

Lettuce may be used in combination with very many of the other fresh vegetables, but has no special food value; it is chiefly used as a garnish. Cress and sorrel also are used as garnishings for salads and many of the fish and meat dishes. Many other substances are mentioned in works on dietics which are used in the making of salads and pickles, and as relishes they are a safeguard against anything of the nature of scurvy. They stimulate the digestive secretions, and give zest to the appetite. We may include in this list green peppers, capers, mint, parsley and many more. In fresh vegetables we find the necessary salt and certain acids in proper proportions, which are believed to be serviceable in purifying the blood; and, too, fresh vegetables contain a large per cent. of water (90 per cent.), which is in itself of great use in the system in many ways. They should, however, be eaten when fresh, young and tender.—Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hiller, in the Housekeeper.

WESTERN RYE GRASS AND PONY GRASS.



The source of agreeableness or disagreeableness is in the thought life we lead. It is in thought that the social climate is made. Think pleasantly and you will act pleasantly.

Settlement of the West.

Interesting Address Before the Canadian Club of Toronto.

From the Toronto News we take the following report of the speech recently delivered, before the Canadian Club of Toronto, by the Hon. Clifford Sifton. It gives in authentic form the growth of the Canadian West:

"The chairman has told us we have much to talk about and little time to speak in. Therefore, I thought I might best occupy your time by giving a practical idea of the work the Department of Immigration is doing. Every Department is subject to political criticism, but I understand this is not a political club. Still, I will abstain from touching controversial points. I will state facts and leave you to take your own view upon this question. I think the question of immigration —in other words, the acquisition for the Dominion of a producing population and its settlement on the land—is of the utmost importance to the Empire. You gentlemen, conversant with the affairs of Empire, know that one of the difficulties which beset us has been the drain upon our young men from south of the boundary line. The Liberals have said this was due to the Conservative policy, and the Conservatives have said vice versa. No doubt, there are faults in both parties, but the real explanation will be found in the motives at the bottom of the movement—the desire of our young men to better their condition. We have always been proud, especially in Ontario, of our high educational system, but one of the results has been that our young men, not finding the place their endeavors entitled them to, have sought other fields. We can only keep them by furnishing them with something to do, and by building up the country in such a way as that they could follow their occupations as profitably as in any other land. We have been in the position for a long time of possessing an equipment which enabled us to do business with a larger market than we had. Our main resource has been agriculture, but comparatively only a few can follow it, and, unless they find profitable employment in it, they will leave Canada. We have tried to enable this country to do business on a large scale, but development is slow under all Governments. I have been unceasing during the last seven years in trying to grapple with this problem. When I took office I looked over the ground to see where this work could be prosecuted best, and found it was in the Western States. In 1897 we established agencies in Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City and St. Paul, and in a number of minor places; we had between 200 and 300 agents paid by commission. There were difficulties in the way of our agents which you can hardly realize. We had one young man who came back and told us that he could not make any impression; that people did not know where Canada was! (Laughter.) We gave him a holiday at home and then sent him again to the West. In six months time we heard he was sending one family. In the last five years that man has sent to Canada 5,000 of the best people we have in the West. He sent us 1,500 German-Americans, the very best class of farmers we have.

"I could tell you of another case of a man who was sent to Kansas City as our agent there, an active and vigorous man, who had been engaged in the same work with railway and colonization companies. In the first year he was working I do not think he sent a man. He came to Ottawa discouraged, and I sent him back. In the first year after he got a considerable number to come up and see the West. The fact is that there were so many visitors the C.P.R. said they were hauling delegates from there and no one else. That agent formed land clubs, distributed literature and worked in many ways. Last year he shipped 4,000 people to the West.

"We organized our work in 1897 and adopted the method which I shall outline to you. In 1898 we had only 712 immigrants from the United States. The influx continued to be so small that I saw something had to be done, and I authorized advertisements in American papers, which reached 5,700,000 families. We found that the Western States Editorial Associations were in the habit of taking yearly excursions. We arranged one for them, which took them from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and when they got home they could not do less than publish appreciative descriptions of Canada, which we promptly collected in the shape of a book (Applause.) We sent 100,000 of these to our agents in Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, so that when a man found any fault with Canada we could point him out the answer from his own people. For another thing the editors of these papers all refused to publish anything derogatory to Canada after that.

"You laughed when I spoke of people not knowing where Canada was. In the summer of 1897 it was impossible to convince farmers over there that we could grow wheat, and we had to exhibit samples in Southern Minnesota to convince them that we could. The result was that instead of 712 persons in the year 1898 we had 49,000 people last year.

"In Great Britain our work has been of a very difficult character. For many years immigration work there was under the care of the High Commissioner, and was carried on in a semi-diplomatic manner, and not in a business way. (Laughter.) It was not the fault of the High Commissioner or his officials, who had to work under the conditions under which they were placed. I sent Mr. Smart over there, and had the work reorganized on a purely business basis and placed it under an official who had nothing else to do. He got the names of all the agricultural laborers he could and mailed 1,200,000 copies of a paper on the resources of Canada. You would have thought people would have known all about Canada, but the issue was hardly out before thousands of people wrote for particulars. By advertisements we reached some ten million people, and we placed atlases and maps in the schools of the United Kingdom, reaching the people through the children, which I found the best way of getting at the middle classes. In the coronation arch we had a splendid advertisement, and I am told it was the only picture of the coronation hundreds took away with them. There has been a marked improvement in our immigration because of that. We have a handsome office now in Charing Cross, where the clerks begin at 9 and leave off at 6, and where business is done as promptly as in any office in Toronto. The fittings are Canadian, set up by Canadian workmen, and the office is a standing advertisement to this country, and the way we do business.

"On the continent we found our work in an unsatisfactory condition, and I decided to place it in the hands of the North Atlantic Trading Association. The class of people which is being sent out is almost entirely agricultural. In 1900 we got from all countries 42,500, and in the fiscal year of 1903 we got 128,900. Of these 49,488 were from the United States, 41,792 from the United Kingdom, and 37,000 from the continent. For the calendar year of 1903 we got 135,000 people, 30,000 more than the year before. Practically all these go on the land. The total cost of immigrants, not including the taking care of them, is $5.67 per head on the average. These people have brought in $18,747,000 worth of settlers' effects, and over $25,000,000 in cash. The people from the United States settle on land and produce, on a moderate estimate, $2,000 worth per annum each. It is a mistaken idea that all the available lands in the States are taken up, so that it shows how the people realize the advantage of our lands. Last year there were 31,000 homesteads taken up in the West. The class we want is the farming class, men

"Taking the Bull by the Horns." —Printer and Bookmaker.

from the United States, from the Old Land and from Europe, with a knowledge of agriculture.

"My own view of the work which my Department has to perform is that it has the most important task of the Government of Canada at present. If the Government of which I am a member, or any succeeding it, is able to fairly fill the West with a hardy and stable class of people they will be doing the West a most important service and all the other Provinces will profit likewise."

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

A Family Journal devoted to all that appeals to the Home.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
The Stovel Co.,
Printers,
WINNIPEG, - - CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION: 50c. A YEAR to any address in Canada or the United States. Foreign and City of Winnipeg subscriptions, 75c. a year, to cover delivery charges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We will not knowingly admit any fake or obscene advertisements in our columns, and we would esteem it a favor if our readers would promptly notify us should they not be fairly treated by any advertiser.

Address all correspondence and make all remittances to

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
Stovel Building, Winnipeg.

MAY, 1904.

Sentence Sermons.

A liar needs no label.

Life is the laboratory of religion.

Our phrases are but the garments of truth.

A day without a good deed leaves you in debt.

Happiness is never picked up on the bargain counter.

The best men are always looking for the best in men.

He became the Man of Sorrows for the sorrows of men.

You cannot carry a crooked rule along the straight road.

The road of prejudice never leads to the realm of truth.

It is only to-morrow's burdens that break the back of to-day.

It is a cheap makeshift to mock at what you cannot make.

Keep your complaints out of your heart and they will die of neglect.

The more of a man the saint is the more of a saint the man will be.

A brotherly boost is often worth a whole lot of sisterly sympathy.

A man has no business with religion who has no religion with his business.

You cannot get up an orchestra composed of people who blow their own horns.

It is no use a man's trying to be holy unless he has made up his mind to be honest.

Flowery language is just as likely to indicate a seedy character as a saintly one.

You cannot pray to your Father while you are figuring on preying on your brother.

It makes all the difference whether doubt is your terminus or but a station on your track.—World.

Valuable Silver Gifts.

The best Canadian wheat cereal—Orange Meat—is a nutritious and tasty food. "I not only use it myself, but advise my convalescent patients to use it," says G. M. Stratton, M.D., of Napanee, Ont. Every leading grocer can show samples of heavy silver-plated tableware given free for coupons enclosed in every 15 cent package. A splendid line of tea and dessert spoons in sets of six and three, respectively, a beautiful pattern in a sugar shell, and a handsome new design butter knife, all of very heavy silver plate, without stamp or advertisement, are among the premiums which may be secured along with this excellent Canadian food.

Are We Pagan yet, or Christian?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Look conditions in the face:
Mars, the god whom still we worship? Mammon in our Ruler's place?
After all our boasted progress, have we reached the nobler race?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we use as shibboleth
The old watchword of the Roman, or of Him of Nazareth?
Do we preach love's law of mercy, or the leaden law of death?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer by the higher light;
Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right.

Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's war-clouded night?
Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we rob and overreach?
Do we wrong and slay our brothers 'neath the mask of godly speech?
Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practice what we preach?

Are we pagans yet, or Christians? Tell the truth, whate'er betide.
By our lust, our greed, our conquest, is our Saviour still denied?
By the murder of his brethren, is our Lord yet crucified?

Every situation—every moment—is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity.

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

A London paper gives away the secret that Irishwomen's native shawls are wholly made in Scotland.

Match marks on a polished or tarnished surface may be removed by being first rubbed with a cut lemon, and then with a rag dipped in clean water.

Milk Dumplings.

For about nine dumplings will be required three ounces of flour, one and one-half ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt and dripping. Place equal quantities of dripping and water in a saucepan on the fire. When it comes to the boil mix gradually with flour, etc., and make the dumplings by rubbing them round in your hands. Cook them from five to seven minutes in boiling milk, stirring about gently with a fork. They will be ready when they rise to the top of the milk. Make a sauce of the milk they have been boiled in by adding one-half ounce of sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Pour round and serve quickly.

BONNETTED AND UNBONNETTED BEAUTY.

To Make Bread at Home.

Put half a stone of flour into a bowl, add a small teaspoonful of salt, stir all together, then put in about half a gallon of water rather more than lukewarm, add about a teacupful of yeast; stir this well together and let it rise an hour and a half, then knead it to a stiff paste, but do not knead it too much, as it is the usual fault in breadmaking; let it rise again one hour, put into tins, let it stand for a quarter of an hour before putting it into the oven, and bake about one hour.

The noblest question in the world is What good may I do in it?

"Harry, son, you must be a good boy, for when you are married and have little boys of your own you will know what a task it is to bring them up in the way in which they should go." Harry thought a moment and replied, "Oh papa! what an outrageous boy you must have been."

A child thrust: "You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother, reproachfully, to her little eight-year-old girl." 'Cause I never saw you when you were a little girl," was the answer.

"Papa," said a five-year-old, climbing on his father's knee, "what makes your face so smooth?"

"Why, I have just come from the barber shop, my son."

"Oh, I see, you got your whiskers pushed in again."

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the June issue.

Puzzle.

1. Charade—

While out one day, my second I spied;
My first I saw him do;
To catch him was of no avail,
He seemed as though he flew.
My whole's a game oft played by boys;
It's amusing to the mind.
Now put your heads together, pray,
And my riddle you will find.

2. Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman who made his fortune?

3. It begins at the end and ends at the beginning.

4. A word which, when the first letter is taken away, spells something needful for its growth.

5. What has ears but cannot hear?

6. Curtail me and find a wild animal; behead me and find part of his head. My whole is something which man wears.

7. X X U R X X U B I C U R X X for me.

8. How can you prove that half of twelve is seven?

9. Having four matches, add 7 to them and make nine.

10. Write down the nine digits in such a way that, after all are written, their sum, when added, will be 100.

11. Riddle-me-re—

In Europe but not in Africa,
In Africa but not in Europe,
In brown but not in white,
In white but not in brown,
In radish but not in turnip,
In turnip but not in radish,
In porcupine but not in turtle,
In turtle but not in porcupine.
My whole is a fruit that grows in the south.

12. What goes most against a farmer's grain?

Answers to April Puzzles.

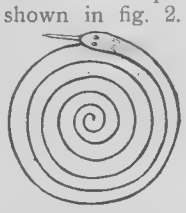
1. The staff of life.
2. Fox-glove; g-love.
3. Because U cannot come till after I.
4. Because they are Chinamen.
5. Because it always keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.
6. Potatoes.
7. Salt.
8. Andrew.
9. Because he is full of pains (panes).
10. Because they had a thirty-one days March.

Prize Winners.

C. Rasmussen, Jr., Carberry, Man.
Goldie Wilson, Ninga, Man.
Matilda H. White, Maple Creek, Assa.
Isabella Snyder, Box Alder, Ont.
Marion Phillips, Roland, Man.
Ettie White, Carberry, Man.
Alex. Green, Macgregor, Man.
David N. Hird, Treherne, Man.
May Christy, Manotick, Ont.
Loren G. White, Grand View, Man.
Sarah Miskiman, Broadview, Assa.
Harry H. Turnbull, Hartney, Man.
Russell Brown, Melita, Man.
Victor H. Cowan, Indian Head, Assa.
Bertha Hannah, Killarney, Man.
Percy Irving, Davisburg, Alta.
Maggie Smith, Bagot, Man.
Arthur W. Scott, Wawanesa, Man.
Blanch Machan, Bagot, Man.
Esther Byer, Swan River, Man.
Ettna J. Snyder, Box Alder, Ont.
Perle E. Leigh, Napinka, Man.
A. Alvis, Oak River, Man.
Etta Luesing, Melita, Man.
Horace MacDonald, Miniota, Man.
H. Edgar Thompson, Hamiota, Man.
Josephina M. Vopni, Dongola, Assa.
Chris. Bachman, Carkleigh, Man.
Elsie Yule, Macgregor, Man.
W. Herbert Richardson, Shoal Lake, Man.
J. H. Hicks, Weyburn, Assa.
Clarence Foster, Box Alder, Ont.
Mrs. J. F. Atkinson, Coulter, Man.
Moses Hunter, Elgin, Man.
J. Carey Smith, Dermid, Ont.
Jacob V. Giesbrecht, Waldheim, Sask.
Stanley Chalmers, Hayfied, Man.
W. J. Gazleard, Poplar Park, Man.
Elizabeth Pickett, East Selkirk, Man.
J. F. Fussh, Altona, Man.
Claudia Cram, Morden, Man.
M. J. Friesen, Altona, Man.

The Revolving Serpent.

The illustration represents an amusing and instructive experiment, which proves the ascension of heated air by rendering its effects visible, and it may also be used to test the direction of the currents in our rooms and dwellings. To perform the experiment, a piece of cardboard is taken and cut in the form of a spiral, as in fig. 1, and to give effect it may be painted to represent a serpent. Then prepare a stand, as shown in fig. 2, having a needle in its upper end, and suspend the serpent from its centre on the needle, when it will assume the position shown in fig. 2. If



this be now placed over a stove, or the tail of the serpent suspended by a bit of thread over a lamp, the heated air ascending through it will cause it to revolve in a very amusing manner. Two serpents may be made to turn in opposite directions, by pulling one out from the one side, and the other in the reverse direction, so that their heads may point towards each other when suspended.

A Leap Year Party.

The young men of your acquaintance will hail a leap year party with delight, for they will relish the variety of becoming the entertained instead of the entertainers. The girls who give the party can either send the invitations all together, or each one can select a special escort. In the former case it will be well to have an equal number of heart-shaped cards cut from various colored paper, of which each girl wears one pinned on her dress, the remainder being drawn from a box by the gentlemen, each taking for his partner the girl whose card corresponds in color to the one he draws—or bows of different colored ribbons can be used in the same way.

The girls must remember that they must show the men all the little courtesies which they themselves are in the habit of receiving. They must provide conveyances, hall, or room, and refreshments, and foot all the bills. They must see that their escorts are provided with partners; must fan them when heated, pick up a dropped handkerchief, wait on them at table, etc. If the men have ever been remiss in any little attentions, now is the time to show them how they failed.

It will create some amusement to have a lot of rhymes written on slips of paper and allow the men to draw for them, the initials of the girls being given if desirable—something like these:

If I do not my love confess
I'm doomed to single blessedness.
If you my offer should refuse,
Another lover I will choose.
Don't wait until your chance is o'er
For leap year comes but once in four.
If I will suit you for a wife,
Why, here's my heart and hand for life.
Perhaps you fear refused to be.
Just try me and you soon will see.

These parties can be made very jolly without overstepping the bounds of good breeding or maidenly propriety, if everything is taken in a joking way and no offensive remarks are permitted. Avoid mock marriages or anything of that sort.

Be Big.

An exchange gives the following:

As we plan, so do we accomplish. As we have ambition to endeavor, so do we succeed. Each man should make up his mind that he was placed here to enjoy life, and to have all the good things in the world necessary to his well-being and to his proper growth. Each man ought to think large things for himself, for the scheme of life does not assign to him any narrow limits. The little man, the man who is narrow in his thoughts, will ultimately come to be narrow in his possessions. If you think you cannot do a thing, you will not do it. If you are sure you can do a thing, then you will do it.

If you say continually to yourself, I cannot, then be sure all the universe will be your chorus and will say, "You cannot!" But if you enlarge your horizon, if you are generous to all the world and generous to yourself in your ambitions, then presently you shall find the universe saying to you that you Can! There is abundance of success in the world to supply every one living in the world. There is enough to make us all rich, happy, contented, prosperous. If we do not take our share, whose fault is it but our own? The council of all the universe is, Be sure, be strong, be big! This does not mean conceit or boasting, or a self vaunting which is founded upon nothing. It only means that we should have ambition and determination.

ON THE MOVE.
ICE BREAKING UP IN THE ASSINIBOYNE.

STATEMENT OF A STOCK GROWER

HIS LUMBAGO WAS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Twenty Years Before He Found Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

ROSEDENE, Ont., May 10. (Special)—Robtert C. Lampman, the well-known Gainsboro farmer and stock grower, is completely cured of a long-standing case of Lumbago, and he has made a statement for the benefit of the public, in which he gives the entire credit for the cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In his statement Mr. Lampman says:

"For twenty years I suffered from Lumbago with all its worst symptoms. I had the most distressing pains it seemed possible to bear, coupled with an irritation of the spine.

"At times I was entirely prostrated and was for weeks unable to do anything whatever, and required the services of my family to assist me in dressing and moving from a chair to the sofa.

"I tried doctors and medicines, but got no benefit till, on the advice of a neighbor, I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. After the first box I noticed an improvement, and when I had taken six boxes every symptom of my trouble had vanished."

Like Rheumatism, Lumbago is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Sound Kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys.

A circular has been issued by Paris physicians taking the radical ground that alcohol is never and never can be of any use whatever to the organism.

"I thought you promised your wife you wouldn't drink any more." "I did, and I'm keeping my word; don't drink a bit more than I used to!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Zeke Meadowgrass—"Thar' be one thing in favor uv th' barbed-wire fences, ef thar' hain't narry other."

Cy Corntassel—"What be that, Zeke?"

Zeke Meadowgrass—"Them pesky patent medicine fellows can't paint liver regulator picters on it, b'gosh!"—Commercial Appeal.

On a newly erected memorial stone in Yarmouth, England, appears this inscription: "In memory of——, who died of disease contracted in South Africa. The Lord be praised." Wiltshire, England, has this epitaph: "Beneath this soil a lump of clay lies Arabella Young, who on the 24th of May began to hold her tongue."

A church recently dedicated in St. Paul was erected at a cost of $7,000, raised by 10,000 contributions of 70 cents each.

Signor Zanetti, the magician, had been displaying his dexterity to an interested crowd of spectators in a Kentucky town. Stepping forward he said:

"For my next trick I will require a small flask of whisky. Will some gentleman in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a pint flask?"

No one stirred. The magician was plainly nonplussed. With an appealing gesture he said:

"I had received a different impression than this as to Kentucky customs. Perhaps you did not understand me? Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whisky?"

Again there was no response, and, briefly apologizing, the magician said he would be compelled to omit this from his repertory for that night. He was turning again to his table, when a tall, lank man in the rear of the hall arose.

"Mistah," said he, "would a quart flask do as well?" producing a bottle of that capacity.

"Just as well, sir," replied Zanetti.

And every gentleman in the house arose, with that size flask extended.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Boys and Girls

Epitaphs in the Cemetery of Failure.

He lacked tact.
Worry killed him.
He was too sensitive.
He couldn't say "No."
He did not find his place.
A little success paralyzed him.
He did not care how he looked.
He was too proud to take advice.
He did not guard his weak point.
He did not fall in love with his work.
He got into a rut and couldn't get out.
He did not learn to do things to a finish.
He loved ease; he didn't like to struggle.
He was the victim of the last man's advice.
He was loaded down with useless baggage.
He lacked the faculty of getting along with others.
He could not transmute his knowledge into power.
He tried to pick the flowers out of his occupation.
He knew a good deal, but he could not make it practical.—Success.

Princess as a Cook.

Little Princess Victoria Louise is to be brought up as good a little housewife as any other little German girl. Her father believes in the tradition of the house of Hohenzollern, that

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

every member should learn a trade, so the young princess, who is just eleven, is now to learn cooking. Her instructor will be the chief of the imperial kitchen, and a kitchen is already being fitted up for her use at Potsdam. The kaiser himself is a capital book-binder, and if necessary could earn a living in more ways than one, for he is an artist, musician and a writer of no mean ability. His little daughter is studious and already most accomplished for her age. She plays the piano very nicely and rides well. But the way she will please her father most is to be a womanly woman of the good old-fashioned type.

The Boy Who did not Tease.

"Perhaps," said Mildred thoughtfully, stepping back a little to see if Hero's bow was tied becomingly, "perhaps we shan't like him after all, Hero. You know boys sometimes tease."

Hero looked up brightly and wagged his tail to show he understood. He hated ribbons, and was aching that minute to tear the bow off and chew it up; but he loved Mildred, and remembered how badly she felt when he did those naughty things. So he did not touch the bow. Something was evidently about to happen, for Hero had been freshly washed and brushed and combed, and then there was the big blue bow on his collar; and Mildred herself looked very sweet in her new cream cashmere gown.

And presently, when he and Mildred sat at the window watching the carriages, Hero knew that somebody was coming. And so there was—Uncle Fred and Cousin Hal were to spend a whole week with Mildred and her parents; and she and Cousin Hal had never seen each other.

At last the familiar home carriage came in sight; and there with father was a large, jolly-looking man and a rosy-cheeked boy. Mother hurried to the door, and Mildred ran—oh, where do you think? Out into the kitchen, with Hero at her heels!

She was a very shy little girl, you see, and when mother turned to speak to her, there was no girlie in sight. And she and Hal found her, a few minutes later, hiding in a corner behind the big shawl!

Hal laughed merrily; and Hero—well, one look showed him that he liked this new cousin. He ran over to him, barking and jumping gayly, and showing in every possible way how glad he was that Hal had come. And Mildred soon forgot her shyness, and found Cousin Hal a delightful companion.

Hal never teased; but he understood what dogs like, and before he had been there many hours the hated blue bow was folded up and laid away, and Hero's collar was never decorated with ribbons again.

The days passed very swiftly, and were full of pleasant things. One day Mildred said, hesitatingly:

"I was afraid before you came, Cousin Hal, that we wouldn't like you, Hero and I. Bessie Moore said boys always teased."

Hal laughed. "And I thought," he said, "that girls were always fussy and wanted to play with dolls and such things all the time. But I've changed my mind. You like to coast and snowball, and be out of doors as much as any boy, don't you?"

"Yes, in deed," Mildred said, earnestly. "And you've never teased once, so we've changed our minds, too. Haven't we, Hero?"—Little Learner's Paper.

Push.

Stop talking about the power of "Pull"—it's nothing compared with the force of "Push."

Put "push" into your work and you will have neither time nor inclination to lament your lack of a "pull."

Don't fancy that you are going to gain success by means of some "pull"—some result of another's favor or favoritism.

Temporary success gained by the power of "pull" is apt to be lost by the withdrawal of the "pull"—and then where are you?

But if you lose something you have won by "push," you still have that same "push" in you to win something else.

These "pull" people are a poor lot—always leaning on someone else—always likely to be called upon to toady and smirk and smile to order.—I don't see how they can breathe freely—how they can feel that they are individuals. The "pull" man is more or less of a parasite.

Take a full, deep breath, throw back your shoulders, brace yourself well, and "push."

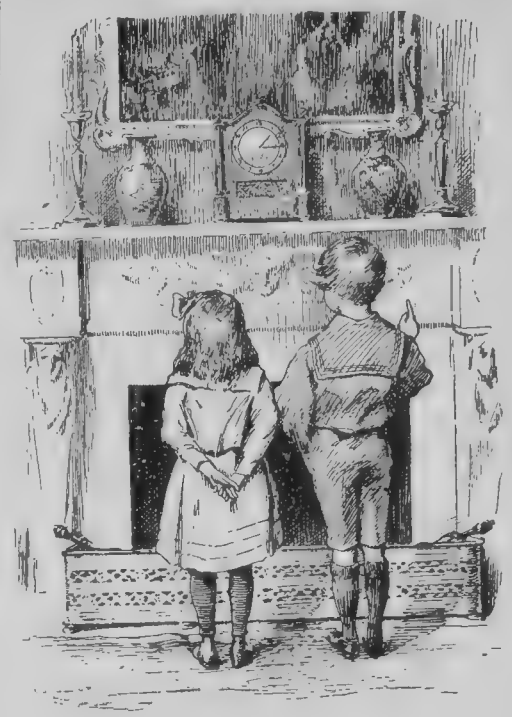
The world is looking for men who have "push" in them, and the best front seats are reserved for them. The man with the "pull" may get into one of these seats, but after a while the usher will oust him and give the seat to one who holds the "push" coupon.

Don't waste your time looking for "grafts" and "pull," but cultivate "push" and you will have no need for "grafts."

The door of success does not bear the sign, "Pull." It opens inward, and bears upon it in large, bold letters, "PUSH."

Mother—"Have you taken your cold bath yet, Willie?" Willie—"There wasn't any cold water warm enough."

Carpets should be beaten on the wrong side first, and afterwards more gently on the right. Never put down a carpet on a damp floor, for this—often the result of hurry and impatience on the part of weary house-cleaners—is a frequent cause of carpets becoming moth-eaten.



HOW TO TELL THE TIME

I've jus' learned how to tell the time,
My mother teached me to,
An' ef you think you'd like to learn,
I guess I might teach you;
At first, though, it's as hard as fun,
An' makes you twist and turn,
An' Mother says that they is folks,
Big folks, what never learn.

You stand before the clock, jus' so,
An' start right at the top;
That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach
The little hand, you stop;
Now, that's the hour, but you've got
To watch what you're about,
Because the hardest part 's to come,
To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where
You started from, an' see
How far the minute-hand 's away,
Like this—you 're watchin' me?—
An' when you've found the minute-hand
You multifly by five—
An' then you've got the time o' day,
As sure as you're alive.

They 's folks, I know, what says that they
Don't have to count that way,
That they can tell by jus' a glance
At any time o' day;
But I don' b'lieve no fibs like that,
Because ef that was true,
My Ma would know it, but she showed
Me like I'm showin' you.

W. W. WHITELOCK

Rice Cake.

Wash one pound of rice, put it in a stewpan with a pint of water, and set it on the fire; when the rice is well soaked, add a quart of milk, one-quarter pound of butter, grated lemon-peel, or a little nutmeg, or a piece of cinnamon; boil till thick; then add two eggs, well beat, a little salt and one-quarter pound of sugar; place all in a greased pan or tin breadpan; bake one hour and serve with sugar or jam over.

A Word About Icing.

With many of us it is almost impossible to get confectioner's sugar, unless we send to the city stores for it, but a lady who uses ordinary powdered sugar and cornstarch says it is just as good. Her way of using is this: With one cup of powdered sugar mix thoroughly a rounded tablespoon of cornstarch, then wet to a smooth icing with two tablespoons water or milk, and flavor to suit. The ingredients are simply mixed together and spread with a wet knife. It is claimed that if a cake is lightly rubbed over with flour before spreading with icing of any kind it will overcome the tendency to run off. Another wrinkle that is worth remembering is this. If only the top of the cake is to be iced and it cannot be done with the cake left in the tin, butter a strip of paper and pin it around the cake, letting it stand about half an inch above the top. When the icing is set, remove the paper, and a neat-looking cake with the icing on top, where it is wanted, is the result.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"HAPPY DAYS."

Perplexity Column

At the suggestion of a number of our readers, we are opening a "Perplexity column." This department will be devoted solely to the little perplexities that arise in the daily routine of life. Short questions are invited from individuals who have been somewhat "bothered" along certain lines. These will be published and answers invited; in a later issue the answers will be given, and so on.

How satisfactory the department will prove will depend largely upon our readers.

If they take hold of it, as we believe they will, the column will not only prove of interest to the various homes, but the fair sex will be able to help one another materially.

No names will be published if so requested.

This month we have a couple of questions, and to give the department a "start" they have been submitted to several women, and their replies are given. To the other questions we invite answers for our next issue. Send along your "perplexities."

Be brief and write on one side of the paper only.

INK IN TABLE CLOTH.

S. C.—How can I take ink stains out of a table cloth?

Ink—If taken before the ink has had time to dry, I have always found washing in milk all that is necessary. Wash the stain two or three times, changing the milk for each washing. If dry before discovered, the stain will have to be soaked in milk all night; then do as above.

City—Melt pure tallow and cover the ink-spot with it while hot. After washing in the usual manner, the stains wil generally be gone. If, however, some of the blemish remains, a second application of this simple process will effectually remove it, and without injuring the table cloth.

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.

Frost—What is the most effective remedy for chilblains?

S. A. R.—Extract the frost by the application of ice water till the part is pliable. Let no artificial heat touch it; then apply a salve made of equal parts of hogs' lard and gunpowder, rubbed together until it forms a paste, and in less than twenty-four hours the frozen parts will be well.

Ed.—Here is a remedy said to be good: Bathe the affected parts with strong hot alum water; continue a week or two, and the chilblains will be cured.

We glean these two prescriptions from the British Medical Journal. They are now being used in this country, and with god results: (1) Belladona liniment, 2 drams; aconite liniment, 1 dram; carbolic acid, 5 minims; flexible collodion, 1 ounce. Mix and apply every night with a camel's hair pencil. (2). Flexible collodion, 4 drams; castor oil, 4 drams; spirits of turpentine, 4 drams. Use three times daily with camel's hair brush.

PALMISTRY.

Palmisty, Brandon.—Can you enlighten me on palmistry?

Ed.—The science of palmistry is too complicated for treatment here, but you can buy a book for twenty-five cents which will tell you about it, and, if you have a talent for pleasing people with flattering stories, you will easily become a successful entertainer by means of this ancient science.

HARD WATER IN WASHING.

Hardwater—I am troubled with hard water in washing clothes. How can it be softened?

CHAPPED HANDS.

Subscriber, Oxbow.—Will you please advise what to use for chapped hands for children?

ETIQUETTE BOOK FOR MEN.

S., Morden.—Do you publish books on etiquette for men; if so what is the price?

Ed.—We don't publish such books, but they can be procured at any book store.

Strength of character is not mere strength of feeling; it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within.—Dickens.

"Perseverance will not only make friends, but it will make favorable circumstances. It will change the face of all things around us, clouds of darkness, evil fore-bodings, opposition, enemies, barriers of every kind, will vanish before a stout heart and resolute energy of soul."

The blessing of a house is goodness. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

How Many?

How many bowls to make a bowlder?
How many shoals to make a shoulder?

How many lambs to make a llama?
How many drachms to make a drama?

How many bats to make a battle?
How many rats to make a rattle?

How many folks to make a focus?
How many croaks to make a crocus?

How many quarts to make a quarter?
How many ports to make a porter?

How many fans to make a phantom?
How many bans to make a bantam?

How many aches to make an acre?
How many fakes to make a fakir?

How many wraps to make a rapture?
How many caps to make a capture?

How many sums to make a summer?
How many plums to make a plumber?

How many nicks to make a nickel?
How many picks to make a pickle?

How many capes to make a caper?
How many tapes to make a taper?

How many tons to make a tunnel?
And how much fun to make a funnel?

A FROLIC. —National Printer.

Go Right on Working.

Ah, yes, the task is hard, 'tis true,
But what's the use of sighing?
They're soonest with their duties through
Who bravely keep on trying.
There's no advantage to be found
In sorrowing or shirking;
They with success are soonest crowned
Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will
That shall not be defeated;
Keep singing at your task until
You see it stand completed.
Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near,
Your sky's glad sunshine murking;
Be brave, and fill your hear with cheer,
And just go right on working.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows.

A Habit of Kindness.

Take life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of its rights as well as its enjoyments of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of temper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is equal to the support of a habit of kindness.

Nevertheless, with the help of grace, the habit of saying kind words is very quickly formed, and when once formed it is not speedily lost. Sharpness, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, divination of motives—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Christ Jesus. The very attempt to be like our dearest Lord is already a well-spring of sweetness within us, flowing with an easy grace over all who come within our reach.

Kilkenny Castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

The Peace River Country

At the present time much attention is being paid to the Peace River country, through which it is expected the Grand Trunk Pacific will run. It is looked upon as a field for the settlement of a very large number of people and not a few have their eyes that way already. This issue we are able to furnish extracts thereon from reports of individuals who stand high in their profession. The first is by Mr. Sandford Fleming, Engineer in chief of the C.P.R., and the other is from the report of A. E. Doucet, chief engineer of the Trans-Canada Railway.

In his report on the Canadian Pacific Railway up to January, 1877, Mr. Fleming says:

Explorations were made of the Peace River district by members of the expedition, detailed for that purpose. A wide extent of country, far to the north of the Saskatchewan, was reported as being unsurpassed in fertility; and, notwithstanding its high latitude with a comparatively dry and salubrious climate.

At Little Slave Lake in 1872, I found barley in stack, which had been cut on the 12th August, while that at Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, was not cut until the 26th of the same month. I was at Isle La Crosse on the 22nd of September, 1875, and saw potatoes still as green as they were in July. I was told by Mr. Cummings that their potatoes are hardly ever killed by frost in September. Here there was a flour mill driven by horse power, and all kinds of grain are reported as ripening successfully. On the borders of Clearwater, Buffalo and Methy Lakes, I saw numerous potato fields cultivated by Chipweyan Indians, who lived altogether on fish and potatoes. I was at the forks of the Athabasca and Clearwater Rivers on the 8th September, 1875, and found tomatoes, cucumbers, wheat and barley under cultivation together with all the vegetables found in kitchen gardens in Ontario. Here was a fine tract of prairie, which the Hudson Bay Company were going to cultivate. On the night of the 8th occurred the first frost which had been known on the Lower Peace and Athabasca Rivers since early in May. All the cucumbers were killed at that time, but no frost occurred at Isle La Crosse. I spent ten days at Athabasca, and obtained specimens of wheat and barley, which have astonished all parties to whom I exhibited them. Many of the ears contained one hundred grains, and the weight of both wheat and barley was nearly ten pounds above the ordinary weight per bushel.

The timber of this whole region consists of but very few species, as follows (they are enumerated according to their abundance) — aspen poplar, black and white spruce, Banksian pine, black pine, white birch, tamarac and balsam poplar. The good dry arable land is either prairie or aspen forest, and this tree is always found on the dry sunny slopes throughout the district, and in fact all over the Northwest. On the watersheds and at higher elevations, an intermixed forest of black and white spruce and aspen is found, and here the trees attain a large size; the former being well suited for lumber and other purposes. In the river valleys, the balsam poplar takes the place of the aspen, and white spruce attains its greatest dimensions. The swamps are chiefly covered with black spruce of small size interspersed with occasional tamarac. On the Lower Athabasca and around the various lakes, white birch is found in abundance, and from its sap a very palatable syrup is made in the spring by the Indians and half-breeds.

The whole country around the south and west of Lake Athabasca is a vast alluvial plain. The Athabasca has formed a large delta at its mouth, and is every year silting up the lake with its muddy water. The delta of Lake Athabasca is almost a Manitoba in embryo, as it is now what the latter once was.

From the "Delta" the country rises very gradually all the way up the Athabasca and eventually passes into the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains on one side and the watershed of the English River on the other. The whole is a gently sloping plain with the Birch Mountain breaking the general level south of Lake Athabasca, and the Deer Mountains south of Little Slave Lake.

All the lakes and rivers of the district teem with fish of a large size and excellent flavor.

Not many miles north-west of Jasper House the aspect of the mountains changes, the southern slopes lose their wood and become clothed with grass instead of spruce forest—the plain, instead of being a continual forest, changes its characteristics to those of park and meadow lands; on the line of approach to Smoky River, and between that river and the Peace in the longitude of Dunvegan and St. John's there is a further change to almost continuous prairie. The country when wooded is mostly covered with aspen, and the slight elevations which form the watersheds of the streams that flow into the Peace are generally crowned with spruce. North of Smoky river, on the right bank of the Peace, the country soon loses its prairie character and becomes almost wholly an aspen forest which continues down to the delta of the Athabasca and Peace River. On the left bank of the Peace the prairie character of the country continues all the way to the vicinity of the 61 deg. parallel, or to Fort Laird, but the aspen continues beyond the Arctic circle. On the left bank of the Peace the country fit for raising cereals extends from Hudson's Hope, lat. 56 deg. 12 min. north, long. 122 deg. west, where it leaves the mountains, to the Arctic Circle in long. 141 deg. west. Slave River —the discharge of Lake Athabasca— the south side of Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie form the eastern boundary of this area.

The altitude of the district known as the "Peace River Country" is much lower than the Saskatchewan country, not being as elevated in latitude 56 deg. close to the Rocky Mountains, as at Edmonton, in latitude 53 deg. 32 min., which is 2,088 feet above the sea. Dunvegan, on Peace River, is only about 1,000 feet above the sea, and the general level of the adjacent country about 1,600. Lake Athabasca is said to be less than 600 feet above the sea, and as we proceed north the country gets gradually lower until at Fort Norman, lat. 65 deg., we are nearly at the sea level. An examination of the map will show that all the rivers north of Peace River flow in a north-easterly direction towards Great Slave Lake. The change in altitude seems to keep pace with the increase of latitude as far north as Fort Laird, in lat. 61 deg., and the summer temperature of the latter is said to be just as high as the country along Smoky River, and in the neighborhood of Dunvegan. At Vermillion, on the Lower Peace, in lat. 58 deg., 24 min., I found the temperature much higher than at Dunvegan, in lat. 56 deg., 08 min., so that I can easily believe in the above statement.

The whole country seen or heard of throughout the region in question is covered with a deep, rich soil, of wonderful fertility, free from boulders, and having very few swamps or marshes. The rainfall seems to be less than that

"I FEEL FUNNY TO MY TOES."

of Ontario, but this is compensated by copious dews, which keep the grass and herbs growing all summer. The clear skies and long summer days, combined with the lowering of the temperatue at night, seem to give astonishing vigor to vegetable growth, and to cause grain and seeds of all kinds to be far more prolific here than further south.

From the Post at the west end of Little Slave Lake, a number of bare hills could be seen, rising from the margin of the lake at its northern corner. These I took to be barren, but what was my astonishment to find that they were actually covered with prairie plants. I found afterwards this was no uncommon occurrence, but that in all cases, up to the base of the mountains, hillsides or river banks with a south-western aspect, were devoid of trees, and clothed with a flora having a more southern tendency than the latitude would warrant. Two causes produced this—inclination to the sun and a scarcity of moisture, caused by the constant evaporation during the long summer days. In opposition to this, all slopes and river banks having a north-eastern slope, were covered with a thick carpet of moss and coniferous trees. Peace River and all its tributaries are of this character.

Mr. Horetsky rode over the portage, between Smoky river and Dunvegan, a distance of at least forty miles, and he told me it was beautiful prairie all the way. This was on the north, or left bank of the river.

Between Dunvegan and St. Johns, a distance of about 120 miles by land, the trail passes through many miles of beautiful farming country, alternating with spruce, aspen 'cypre' woods on the divides between the various streams which flow into the Peace River.

The day after I left Dunvegan, I wrote:—"For six miles after leaving camp the country remained the same as yesterday. It was gently rolling, yet not a height or depression was equal to ten feet. Drainage perfect. Every hollow was connected with others, and hence there was no marsh. The country was almost denuded of trees, probably by fires, and had much the appearance of prairie without its uniformity. After this the country assumed a park-like character—was almost a dead level and more than half covered with trees. These eight or ten miles for beauty and fertility surpass anything we have yet seen."

On the morning of the 27th, accompanied by Anderson, I started up the hill in rear of the Fort for the purpose of examining the country north of the river. We found it to be 746 feet high, so that the level of the country above the river valley was over 700 feet. After the level of the plateau was reached, the country was either a dead level or sloped away from the river. For nine miles of the distance travelled the whole country was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. Clumps of willows and poplars of various ages were interspersed with the most astonishing growths of herbaceous plants I ever saw. Wild larkspur was found over seven feet high and many vetches were even taller. In many places the peas and vetches were in such abundance as to completely cover up all other plants, causing the country to look like a field of mixed peas and vetches.

It would be folly to attempt to depict the appearance of the country, as it was so utterly beyond what I ever saw before that I dare hardly make use of truthful words to pourtray it. Mr. Selwyn, who made an excursion ten miles to the northwest, reports a very luxuriant vegetation where he was—much greater than he ever saw at Edmonton, or anywhere in the Saskatchewan country. Rainy River and the Little Slave Lake marshes are the only regions known to me that are in any way comparable to it.

The soil must be exceedingly rich to support such a growth year after year, and the early summer temperature must be high to have the vegetation so advanced at this period (July 27th.) All the cultivation done at St. Johns is on the terrace immediately above the spring floods on both sides of the river, but there is no reason why cereals should fail on the top of the hill, as, if anything, the soil is better. There was only about a week between the ripening of the berries on the hill top and those near the river, yet the difference in altitude was about 700 feet.

The whole of my observations tend to show that, leaving out the flora of the slopes on the left bank, almost all are identical with those of Ontario. I spent over a week in the vicinity, and had ample opportunity for examining the country on all sides.

Of the country in the neighborhood of Vermillion, lat. 58 deg., 24 min., I wrote as follows:—The whole country around this fort is a level plain, not being elevated at its highest point more than 100 feet above the river, but the greater portion of it is less than fifty feet. I made frequent enquiries about its character, at a distance from the river, and all agreed in saying that it was exactly like that which I saw there.

Of Little Red River and the Peace River below I wrote as follows:—I occupied myself all the 16th collecting fossils and making a botanical examination. I found that Red River was even warmer than Vermillion, and that all vegetables were much more advanced. When St. Cyr, who had charge of the Fort knew I was a botanist he invited me to look at a strange plant he had in his garden. What was my astonishment to find a bed of cucumbers with a number ripe on the vines and many green ones. I asked him if he raised the young plants in a hot-bed, but he knew nothing of such things. His beans (both Windsor and pole) peas, cabbage, turnips, potatoes and cucumbers were excellent. Summer frosts never do any harm here, and the soil is of first-class quality.

Between Little Red River and Rapid Bouille river is very wide, and seldom or ever confined in one channel.

The climate of this section is so very different from that of countries farther east, that were I depending altogether on my own evidence I should be backward in stating the whole truth. I was on the Peace River during the whole month of October, 1872, and the constant record was "Warm sunshine, west wind, balmy atmosphere, and skies of the brightest blue." Even as late as 15th Oct. the thermometer was 48 deg. at daylight and 61 deg. in the shade at noon. Within the foothills of the Rocky Mountains I picked up three species of plants in flower as late as the 26th of Oct. These facts and the testimony of all the residents in the country show conclusively that there is an open fall all along Peace River from the mountains to Lake Athabasca.

PHYSICAL HOUSE-CLEANING

Is the Surest Prevention Against Spring and Summer Sickness. To Cleanse the System of all Impurities and Purge All Taints and Poisons, Use

FERROZONE,

THE GREAT BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY.

It Destroys and Eradicates Germs and Poisonous Secretions of Every Description.

To be effective, physical house-cleaning should commence with the blood, which is the most wonderful part of our being. It is the fountain of life, containing everything needful for the growth and development of the body.

The blood contains the building material that makes bone and muscle. Besides this it nourishes the tissue, the nerves and brain.

Hence it is upon the purity and strength of the blood that our very life depends, and health is assured just so long as the crimson fluid remains pure and uncontaminated.

Winter is over and spring is here. Spring time is always sick time, because everyone's blood is loaded with impurities that have been collecting for months.

Our bodily organs are overworked and out of repair, our vitality is wasting away, strength is at low ebb and must be braced up.

Everybody's physical welfare demands a blood tonic and restorative. Nothing is so effective and so sure to benefit quickly as Ferrozone, an indispensible spring tonic for the young, the middle aged and the old.

Ferrozone is an unequalled appetizer and tonic. It is a blood producer and a blood purifier, builds you up, aids digestion and promotes the assimilation of food.

Ferrozone is really a food, a tonic, and a blood purifier combined. It will put your system in perfect order and fortify you against spring fever, aggravating skin diseases and humors.

If you want to get well and keep well, by all means use Ferrozone. If you suffer from insomnia, nervousness, debility, loss of appetite, poor digestion, or any other symptom of disordered blood, nothing will tone up and vitalize your system like Ferrozone. Price **50c.** per box or six boxes for $2.50. Sold by all druggists or sent safely by mail to any address if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn. U.S.A., or Kingston, Ont.

SPLENDID SPRING TONIC.

The Experience of Mrs. J. Cross, of St. John, N.B.

Mrs. Cross says: "I was in poor health nearly all last winter. My appetite was invariable, and I was weak and unfit for work. I suffered a great deal from nervous headache and palpitation of the heart. My digestion was always out of order. By spring I had lost flesh and color and had a bad cough. The doctors didn't help me, so I decided to try Ferrozone. It did me ever so much good in one week. I quickly gained strength, looked and felt a lot better. When I had used six boxes of Ferrozone I weighed myself and found a gain of fifteen pounds. Ferrozone is worth its weight in gold to every weak woman. It cures quickly and saves big doctors' bills."

(Signed) "MRS. J. CROSS."

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

While at St. Johns last year, I looked over the journal kept by the Hudson Bay Company's clerk, and the average day on which the first ice ran in the the river for 10 years was November 6th. The year I passed through the country it was first seen on the 8th, and in the year 1792, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie passed the winter at the mouth of Smoky River, November 7th. These dates show that the setting in of winter and the end of the ploughing season is at least eight days later than at Winnipeg. From the H.B.C. records I likewise found that winter set in at Lake Athabasca about the 25th October, or ten days earlier than at St. Johns. From my personal knowledge of the climate and the botany of the whole region from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and north to Lake Athabasca, I am quite safe in taking the first of November as the average commencement of winter over an area of nearly 500,000 square miles.

Captain Butler in his "Wild North Land," speaks of the whole hill-side at St Johns being blue with anemones as early as April 22nd, 1873; and Sir Alexander Mackenzie records in his journal that anemones were in flower on the 20th April, 1793. From the Hudson Bay Company's journal I found that the average opening of the river in 10 years at St. John was on the 20th April. The year Captain Butler was there (1873) it opened on the 23rd, and the year Sir Alexander Mackenzie was on it on the 25th. These dates show that the spring is just as regular as the fall, and that the beginning of winter and the opening of spring are unvarying. At St. Johns, grain is sown and potatoes are planted from the 20th April, but at Vermillion and farther down, little is done until after the first of May. At Fort Chipweyan scarcely anything is done until after the 10th May, and often barley is sown after the first of June, and comes to maturity.

The period necessary for barley to mature is about 90 days, and for wheat not much over 100. Daniel Williams had oats, barley, and potatoes growing at St. Johns when I was there. The latter he dug on the 2nd August, and they were large and dry; the two former were fit to cut about the 12th of the same month.

At Battle River, over 300 miles farther down, Indian corn has ripened three years in succession, and my observations show that the summer temperature at this point is greater than it is higher up.

At Vermillion, lat. 58 deg., 24 min., I had a long conversation with old Mr. Shaw, who had had charge of this Fort for sixteen years. He says that frosts never injure anything on this part of the river, and every kind of garden stuff can be grown. Barley sown on the 8th May, was cut 6th August, and was the finest I ever saw. Many ears were as long as my hand, and the whole crop was thick and stout. In my opinion that is the finest tract of country on the river.

At Little Red River I found everything in a very forward state. Cucumbers started in the open air were fully ripe, Windsor and pole beans and peas were likewise ripe, August 15th. Fort Chipweyan, at the entrance to Lake Athabasca has comparatively poor soil in its vicinity, being largely composed of sand; still, here I obtained fine samples of wheat and barley—the former weighing sixty-eight pounds to the bushel, and the latter fifty-eight pounds. The land here is very low and swampy, being but little elevated above the lake. At the French Mission, two miles above the Fort, oats, wheat and barley were all cut by the 26th August. Crop rather light on the ground.

Mr. Hardisty, chief factor in charge of Fort Simpson, in lat. 61 deg. N., informed me that barley always ripened there, and that wheat was sure four times out of five. Melons, if started under glass, ripen well, frost seldom does them much damage.

Chief trader Macdougall, says that Fort Laird, in lat. 61 deg. N., has the warmest summer temperature in the whole region, and all kinds of grain and garden stuff always comes to maturity.

The localities mentioned were not chosen for their good soil, but for the facilities which they afford for carrying on the fur trade, or for mission purposes. Five-sixths of all the land in the Peace River section is just as good as the points cited, and will produce as good crops in the future. The reason so little is cultivated is owing to the fact that the inhabitants—whites and Indians, are flesh eaters. Mr. Macfarlane, chief factor in charge of the Athabasca district, told me that just as much meat is eaten by the Indians when they receive flour and potatoes as when without them.

At the Forks of Athabasca, Mr. Moberly, the factor in charge, has cut an immense quantity of hay, as the Hudson Bay Company winter all the oxen and horses used on Methy Portage at this point. He told me that in a year or two the Company proposed supplying the whole interior from this locality with food, as the deer were getting scarce and supplies rather precarious. This is the identical spot where Mr. Pond had a garden filled with European vegetables when Sir Alexander Mackenzie visited it in 1787.

While on Peace River, last year, I had instructions from Mr. Selwyn to observe carefully the flora of the country, for the purpose of comparing it with other and better known parts of the Dominion. With this end in view, I enumerated all the species found growing at the following six distinct points: Hudson s Hope, just east of the mountains; St. Johns, 60 miles below; Dunvegan, 120 miles further down; Vermillion, about 300 miles lower down; then Little Red River, 100 miles further down, and lastly at Lake Athabasca. The flora of the whole river is much like that of Central Ontario, and of the prairie region.

Mr. Doucet, chief engineer of the Trans-Canada Railway, in his report says that from Lesser Slave Lake to Hudson Hope it is 230 miles.

The country between these points is generally level, the soil of exceilent quality and partly wooded with poplar and white and red fir. The valley of the Peace River is at least two miles in width and about 750 feet in depth. There are slight undulations on the plateaus but no hills. Vegetation is similar to that around Edmonton. Looking south and south-east from the Peace River opposite the Hudson Bay Post, at the junction of the Smoky and Peace Rivers, the country does not differ in contour and elevation from that to the north of Peace River, but instead of grazing plains and of valleys slightly timbered, the level is uniform, heavily timbered and that as far as the eye can reach.

Of Fort Vermillion, on the Peace River, Mr. R. G. McConnell says in 1893 in his report to the Geographical Survey:—

Fort Vermillion, one of the establishments of the Hudson Bay Company, is 152 miles below Battle River, and 160 miles north of Peace River Landing. The country surrounding it consists of partially wooded and fertile prairie. Vermillion Falls are caused by the river falling over a low limestone ridge. The height of the Falls varies according to the volume of water. At low water

"She is pretty to talk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too to think on."

—American Printer

they are 15 to 20 feet, while at high water they become greatly reduced. Peace River at this point is nearly a mile wide. Buffalo Lake, a small sheet of water from two to three miles long and about a mile wide, is bordered by extensive meadow lands covered with luxuriant grass. Between Vermillion Falls and Buffalo Head Hills, the greater part of the land is well fitted for settlement. (In 1901 several thousand dollars worth of mill machinery for grinding wheat was carried in to Vermillion Falls and the settlement is now lighted by electricity derived from the Falls.)

At the above mentioned Forks the principal channel of the river has a width of from 400 to 500 feet, and the elevation above sea level is 1,524 feet. In August the thermometer reached 92 to 94 deg. F. in the shade. Ascending Smoky River from the Forks the plateau is about 600 feet above the river and on all sides the country is perfectly level and wooded. Smoky River is not deep at low water and its valley is about two miles in width. Between Smoky River and Dunvegan the country is prairie like extending to a great distance northward and cut up by numerous streams. On Little Smoky River opposite Dunvegan, the country is similar in appearance, but to the west of this point the country becomes wooded and somewhat rougher. Dunvegan is situated on the northern side of Peace River, on a terrace thirty feet higher than the main elevation of the river, and is 1,305 feet above sea level. The surrounding country is generally about 700 feet above the river, which is itself about 900 feet above sea level.

From the Rocky Mountain Portage to Smoky River, a distance of 250 miles, the Peace River flows through a depression varying in depth from 700 to 900 feet. The underlying formation is chalk and the whole country seems to be an immense layer of clay deposit and alluvial soil. Sandstone is found in large quantities, and excellent grindstones are often met with in the river bed. The climate of this region resembles that of the Red River, but the extremes of heat and cold are not so pronounced. The climate is dry and salubrious and is tempered by the warm western winds. The snow fall rarely exceeds two feet and there are no drifts.

At Fort St. John, whose elevation is 1,462 feet above sea level, the soil is rich and vegetation is early and far advanced in July. The wild grasses grow to a height of three feet and the pasturage is excellent. On the north side of Fort St. John the plateau is level or gently sloping. As far as the eye can see the country is covered with most luxuriant vegetation. Potatoes of large size come to maturity in August as well as barley and oats. At Hudson's Hope the general aspect of the valley is uniform, and the elevation above sea level is 1,522 feet. To the south the slopes are well timbered, and to the north the country is alternate prairie and forest. On the north of Pine River the country offers beautiful pasturage and the land is of exceeding richness, far excelling anything in the Saskatchewan Valley. The soil and climate are better, the former consisting of rich marl, overlying gravel and sand. The same character of country extends for miles along the river. At Hudson's Hope the valley is about 700 feet below the plateau level. The northern slopes are covered with rich forests of white fir of great height, which as a higher elevation is reached, are replaced by forests of aspen trees and which in time give away to prairie lands. The vegetable growth is extremely rapid due partly to the length of the days, and to the high temperature during the twenty-four hours.

From a report made by R. G. McConnell, B.A., of the Geological Survey in 1893, we take the following:—The agricultural capabilities of portions of the Peace-Athabasca district are promising. Vegetables of various kinds are grown yearly without difficulty, at Fort Vermillion, Lesser Slave Lake, Whitefish Lake and Trout Lake, while potatoes are grown by the Indians even on the summit of Birch Mountain, at a height of 2,300 feet above the sea. Wheat and other cereals have been fairly successful at Lesser Slave Lake and at Fort Vermillion, the only places where they have been tried. The prairie country around Fort Vermillion equals in fertility the famous Edmonton district and appears to enjoy an equally good climate, its higher latitude being compensated by its more western situation, and by its lower elevation. This district is about 1,000 feet above the sea.

The engineers sent out by the Dominion Government in 1899, to locate a line from Edmonton to the Yukon, report on this stretch of country as follows:—

On the south side of Lesser Slave Lake there is a wild meadow 30 to 40 miles in extent, that would cut 2½ tons to the acre, while the land on the opposite side is adapted for mixed farming, consisting of open prairie interspersed with small tracts of cotton wood timber. In fact, poplar and cotton wood grow on the best land in this country and to see this growth is to be sure of good land. The land generally rises to a high table land which keeps up until the Peace River is reached. This river up to Hudson's Hope is in a deep narrow valley with a high table-land on both sides. Between these two places the country consists of magnificent grazing lands for at least nine-tenths of the distance. Dr. Dawson estimates the Peace River country to contain 15,140,000 acres of good fertile soil.

The valleys of all the rivers emptying into the Peace and Pine rivers offer good pasturage and the hills are covered with valuable timber.

Most of the points alluded to in this article are shown on an outline map of the Dominion which we purpose giving in our June issue along with an article on "Transportation in the West."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

We were boys together, and Jim, papa's hired hand, was slow but sure. One night sister was going to have a party, and when it was time for the guests to arrive we boys were ordered to bed.

After we had a romp we undressed and went to the window to listen to the conversation below under the grape arbor.

The girls were cooling taffy there ready to pull into candy.

The old black and yellow cats were on the roof. The black cat said "Mew! mew! fit! fit! fit! The yellow cat gave him a similar reply. Presently the fur began to fly, and hideous noises to issue from the roof. The conversation was drowned. "Those cats must stop that fuss," said Jim. "We all propose that you get out there and make them stop," I said. By-and-bye he said, "I will stop them." Out of the window he climbed and walked along the roof. Just as he grabbed at the old yellow cat he darted from under his hands and over the comb of the roof. Jim lost his balance and turned a somersault, and the wind made a flag out of the tail of his shirt. He slid down the roof almost like lightning through the grape vine, then fell among the girls and into four plates of hot taffy.

A dozen screams and a whisk of a dozen dress skirts, that was all that was seen of the girls.

And as for Jim, he gave a few Indian whoops, and shed plates all the way upstairs. The next three weeks he had to eat, standing.

Willie (who has eaten his apple)—Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam.

Mabel—All right. Well?

Willie—Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll give way to temptation.

"Father," said the small boy, "is it wrong to say 'pants?'"

"It assuredly is, my son."

"Then the landlord ought to be ashamed of himself. He sent a notice to the occupants of the building instead of to the occutrousers."—Washington Star.

An Irishman wagered that he and another would consume a bushel of potatoes in half an hour. He won his bet. The "other" was a pig.

"So Howland married out West?"

"Yep. Went out to save his lungs and lost his heart."

"Now," said the teacher, "Johnny will tell us what is the meaning of 'yuletide.'"

"The Yuletide," piped Johnny, "are the folks that get married Christmas."

"But before we were married," she said, reproachfully, "you told me that you could not play poker."

"And I can't yet," he answered, sorrowfully, "though I've tried for ten years."

"You are very generous, little woman," said the husband, "to want me to buy a new suit."

"It isn't that," answered his better half, "but I hate to be seen on the street with a shabby man."

"John," said his wife, "you talked in your sleep last night."

"I hope you will pardon me, my dear," said John, meekly; "I am sure I must have been asleep or I wouldn't have dared to interrupt you."

"This ring," said the jeweler, "will cost you $50, with our extra service gratis."

"What is your extra service?" asked the young man who was looking at engagement rings.

"When the young lady calls to make inquiries we'll tell her it's worth $150."

A little girl was complaining to her brother about the length of a sermon to which she had listened. "Just think, brother," she said, "he preached forty minutes." "And how much of the sermon do you remember?" her brother questioned pointedly. The child hesitated for awhile and finally said:

"I believe he told us to help other people."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Why—yes."

"Then, how much do you suppose you would have remembered if he had only preached half that long?"

George—Women are still pushing their way into all the industries.

Jack—That's so. I have just been discharged, to make way for a woman.

"You have! Well, well! What are you going to do now?"

"I am trving to marry the woman."

During an election in a certain locality a temperance candidate called upon a rumseller, and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the Evil One himself than for you," was the savage response. "Yes, I know," said the candidate, "but in case your friend should not be nominated, might I then count on your assistance?"

"Norah," said Mrs. Perkasie to her new cook, "this salad tastes of kerosene."

"Sure, mum," replied Norah, "an' it was yersilf as tould me to put ile on it."

"Well, Silas, is your son getting ahead at college?"

"Well, rather. Fact is, he's gettin' such a big head I can't do nothin' with him."

Teacher. "Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?"

Tommy "It would make him yell."

Papa—"Where is my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last night.

Willie—"I guess Alice's beau took it."

Alice—"Why Willie! the idea!"

Willie—"Well, last night when he was saying good-night to you, I heard him say, 'I'm going to steal just one.'"

A Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his "native glen," and meeting an old school-fellow, the two sat down to chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Geordie McKay.

"He's dead long ago," said his friend, "and I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live."

"Dear me! Had you such a respect for him as that?"

"Na, na! It wasna ony respec' I had for himself; but I married his widow."

"Suppose," said the beautiful girl, gazing at the distant stars, "suppose this old world should stop revolving?"

"Not while we are together," he whispered, slipping his arm around her.

"And why not?"

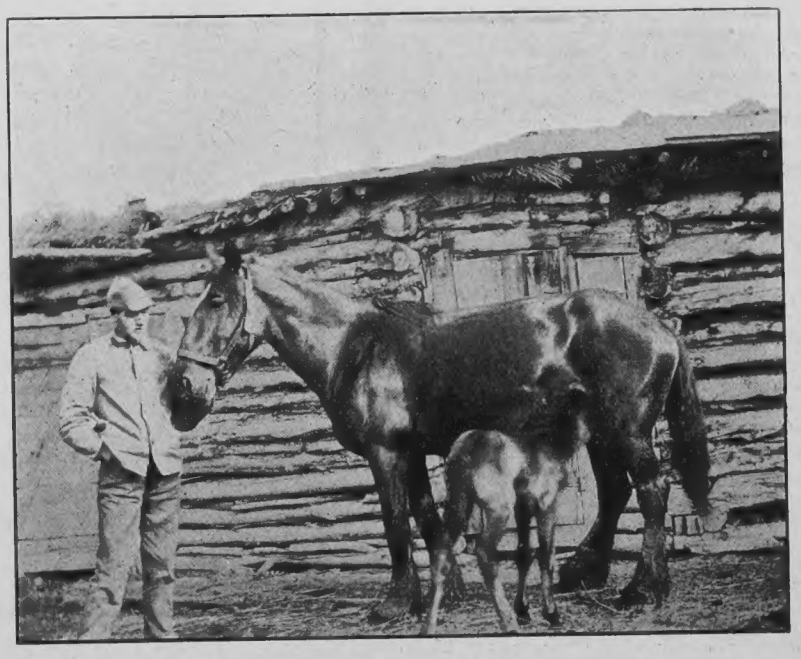
"Because 'love makes the world go round.'"

"What's the price of your best tea?" asked the woman with the market basket.

"Two dollars a pound," replied the clerk.

"Isn't that too steep?" asked the bargain chaser.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the youth. "That's what folks buy tea for."



THE COLT'S FIRST FEED.

An Extinct Mineral Spring.

For many centuries mineral springs have been utilized for their curative, healing power. The ancients knew of them and had their favorite springs and baths, to which they resorted when weak of body or feeble of health. We read in the Testament of the Pool of Bethesda, whose waters were troubled twice a year and at these times possessed healing powers of a remarkable nature, which caused them to be sought by thousands, who tramped many miles to drink of and bathe in the waters, receiving therefrom new life, health and strength.

The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's mineral springs their curative virtues come from the rock or mineral ore, through which the water is filtered on its way to its outlet, only a small proportion of the medicinal power in the ore being thus assimilated with or absorbed by the liquid stream. The rock contains that which furnishes the medicinal and healing power, the water serving only as a conveyance to carry but a small part of its properties to the outer world.

Our readers have seen and noticed the announcements of Vitæ-Ore, a peculiar mineral formation, and mave wondered at the origin of this remarkable product and the source from which it derives its known and established healing powers. This Vitæ-Ore is no more or less than a mine of this mineral rock, originally discovered by Theo. Noel, a Geologist, while prospecting in the Southwest. It was the belief at the time, which has since been confirmed by leading scientists in America and Europe, that the surface on which this magnetic ore was discovered was at some ancient time the location of a powerful mineral spring, compared to which the springs of the present day are but pygmies, which spouted its healing waters, impregnated with the wonderful mineral found at its base, for centuries before the foot of man trod the Western Continent. Some years after its discovery it was decided to give to the world the benefit of this great boon for the world's health, and it is this magnetic mineral ore which has since astounded the people by its marvelous cures, and won everlasting fame and an enduring reputation under the name of Vitæ-Ore. Many of the remarkable cures wrought are among the readers of this paper, well known to our subscribers. Read the announcement in this issue, the Special 30-Day Trial Offer by Theo. Noel, Geologist, Proprietor, Toronto, Ont.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

There are 800 Chinese students in the colleges of Japan and 500 more are to be sent.

It takes six years for grass to grow where sheep have pulled it up and trampled it.

FEELING MISERABLE ?

Before Taking

At this time of the year, your blood is usually impure and weak, and your system is clogged with impurities, and you feel generally miserable. Take . . .

7 Monks' Ton-i-cure

It will make every part of your body healthy and active, and purify and strengthen the system.
NOW'S THE TIME TO TAKE IT!

7 Monks' Ton-i-cure, Price $1.00

Sold by all Druggists.
(Mailed upon receipt of the Price)

After Taking

7-Monks' Company,
Sole Proprietors,
Box 742,
WINNIPEG,
Canada

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"I admire your enterprise and shall speak well of you as opportunity may arise. Send me three extra copies."—Brandon.

SEE INSIDE FRONT COVER FOR FREE OFFER.

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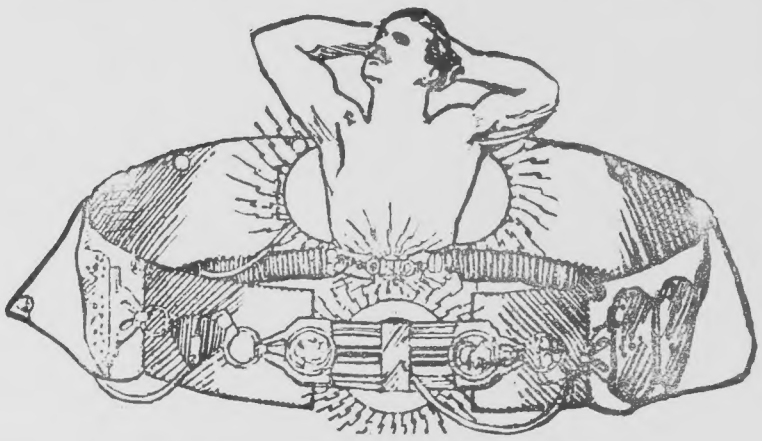
SEE PAGE 18 FOR OFFER TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
STOVEL BUILDING,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

IT'S A WONDER

It's Easy to Wear



Cures While You Sleep.

MORE PRAISE FOR

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

It does the work! That is what makes the Business for my Electric Belt. When a man has squandered the earnings of years on quacks and all kinds of drugs and got no relief, and then comes to me and I cure him, he is my friend and he wants others to know what he has found out—that my Belt will cure where nothing else will.

A SURE CURE AND A CHEAP ONE,

As every man has been cured by my Belt says it is the best and cheapest cure he ever found. You spend more in a month doctoring than it costs you. It is cheap because it saves you future doctor bills.

It Is a Wonder.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in dropping you a few lines about the Belt. It is a wonder. I have worn it off and on since I received it, and have never felt the slightest pain since. I can safely say that if I could not get another one like it I would not part with mine for five times its value. Wishing you luck and prosperity, I remain, yours truly, N. Girard, Strathcona, Alta.

Wouldn't Part With Belt for Any Price.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir: The Belt you sent me is all you say it is, and more. I would not be without it at any price. Six days after I received it I went to work. I had been in bed for nearly a month with lumbago. I have had very little pain with my back since the first time I put it on. A few hours' use of the Belt will make me O.K., even when I am feeling tired. I have recommended your Belt to a lot of railroad men, and I think your Belt will cure them. You are at liberty to use my name if you desire to do so. Yours truly, A. R. Carmichael, conductor, C.P.R., Calgary, Alta.

A New Man Again Since Using the Belt.

Dr. McLaughlin:

I might say, in answer to your letter, that the Belt has improved my condition wonderfully. The varicose veins are only about one-third the size they used to be, and I find that your Belt has also strengthened my whole nervous system. I feel like a man now to what I did before I commenced the use of your Belt. Yours very truly, Ed. McInnes, Indian Ford, Man.,

Such letters as these are received every day. A great many of my patients are those who have tried and been disappointed so often that they had given up all hope. It is to such people as these that I offer my Belt on trial. I take all chances. If you will give me security you can use the Belt and

Pay After You Have Been Cured.

It is the only Belt that doesn't burn nor blister. It also cures Nervous Disorders, Weak Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, Liver, Kidney and Bowel Troubles, "Come-and-Go" Pains and that Tired Feeling after every other treatment has failed.

CAUTION—Don't make the fatal mistake of thinking that any appliance sold as an electric belt will cure you. Electricity must be applied properly, and many of these "free" and "just as good" belts give no current at all, and some which do, burn and blister so they cannot be used. The best is none too good for you, so come to me and I will not disappoint you.

FREE BOOK—I have a beautifully illustrated book which every man ought to read. Send for it. It will show you the way to health and happiness. I send it, closely sealed, FREE, upon request. Call if you can. CONSULTATION FREE. **I Have a Book for Women also.** Act to-day. Address—

OFFICE HOURS:—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 YONGE ST. TORONTO, CAN.

You Are to Be the Judge!

A BARREL

of VITÆ-ORE is NOT NECESSARY to convince you that it is the best remedy in, on or out the earth for ailing people, to PROVE TO YOU positively that it will CURE YOUR ILLS, as it has the ills of so many others.

ONE OUNCE OF THE ORE (one package) mixed with a quart of water, ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, is all that you need for the TEST, all the EVIDENCE we want to submit, and we want to send it to you at OUR RISK. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! One month's treatment with the NATURAL REMEDY will do for you what six months' use of other advertised treatments cannot. If it does not, YOU TO DECIDE, we want NOTHING from you!

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL!

Read Our Special Offer!

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader who writes us, mentioning The Western Home Monthly, a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore, by mail, prepaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done for him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medical strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malaria Fever, Nervous Prostration and general Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitae-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of The Western Home Monthly if you will give it a trial. Send for a $1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, write us so, and there is no harm done. We want no one's money when Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and willing to pay for it could hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer. One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and aliments, and mention The Western Home Monthly, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

You Are to Be the Judge!

DON'T EXPERIMENT!

Some experiments are necessary for the advancement of civilization; and although frequently lives are lost and much damage done, the ultimate results and benefits are the cause of much good to humanity. Others result in loss of life from no apparent cause other than the obstinacy of the experimenter, who will not heed the advice of friends, and refuses to see that his experiment is impossible or impracticable for the results aimed at or intended.

A CERTAIN and NEVER-FAILING CURE FOR

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, La Grippe, Blood Poisoning, Dropsy, Sores and Ulcers, Malarial Fevers, Nervous Prostration and Anæmia, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Catarrh of Any Part, Female Complaints, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, General Debility.

From Death Unto Life!

The Experience of a Portage Lady Who Was Given Up to Die.

A Remarkable Recovery and a Signal Triumph for a Well-known Remedy.

It is never a pleasant prospect to have death staring you in the face, and to have doctors tell you that you are so far gone with disease as to be beyond the reach of medicine. The words of one who has been through this experience must prove interesting reading to suffering humanity and be at once a pleasure and a profit.

Miss Bella Galbraith is a young lady who is well known in town, having lived here for a number of years. A News representative, having heard of her wonderful recovery to health, visited her and obtained her story, which we will give in her own words. She said:

I have been sick for nine years and have been attended by fourteen doctors for over a dozen different diseases. Different doctors called my ailments by different names—Indigestion, Liver Trouble, Catarrh of the Stomach, Spinal Trouble and Rheumatism were some of the diseases. I had my stomach pumped out 150 times. I was hung up with pulleys and put in a plaster cast for spinal trouble and remained in the plaster for six months, at the end of which time I was no better than at first. I wore a wide leather belt to support the spine for three years. During this time I was attacked by erysipelas of the bone in the wrist. The hand was lanced twenty-seven times in six places.

Three years ago I was attacked by tuberculosis, which started in the foot. I was sent to the hospital in Winnipeg and the doctors there wanted to cut off the foot. It was all that could be done, and they said even that would not prevent the disease from developing in some other part of the body, and that it would start every spring in a new place, until the disease killed me, as they said it was impossible to cure it. Medical skill in the future might learn to deal with it, but at present no doctor could do anything with it. They put the foot in a plaster cast, but had to remove it on account of the foot swelling.

I was sent home as incurable. On arriving home a doctor had the foot put in a cast, which was renewed every three months for about the space of nine months.

I had to keep my foot up on a chair in a horizontal position for a space of two years and eight months.

Two years ago, after having failed to obtain relief from the sufferings, and had been given up by the doctors as incurable, I had my attention drawn to Vitae-Ore, which has been making some wonderful cures. I did not have much faith in its power to help me, but determined to try it.

After taking Vitae-Ore for about a month the foot broke out in a rash, which healed up again in five days and then broke out again, and continued for a few months in this way until it broke every day all over the foot and green matter broke from it. During the time I was taking Vitae-Ore my general health began to improve. The stomach became strong and my appetite returned. The spine became so strong that I could go without the belt, and have not worn it since. Last July I began to walk with the aid of crutches, and in October I was able to take a few steps alone. Today I am able to walk with a cane and my health in general is good; in fact, I feel better than I have ever been in nine years. The foot has healed up and there is not a scar on it. I owe my life to Vitae-Ore and its Preparations, and will gladly testify to its merits. Any one who would like information further than is here given can write to me and I will be pleased to tell them how I used it and what it has done for me.—(From the News and Portage la Prairie Review, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

As all experiments are dangerous, so it is a dangerous thing to experiment with worthless patent medicines and nostrums of the kind that spring up in the night, and "none know from whence they came" or what their origin. It is seeking after an impossible result to look for health in a bottle of alcohol and sarsaparilla, or a package of senna and straw; and such experiments are often disastrous to the experimenter.

Vitae-Ore, Nature's Remedy, is not an experiment, and the sick and suffering person who seeks its aid is not experimenting. It has stood the test of the American public, a critical judge, for a generation of time, and is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, and has fully substantiated our claim to being the best thing in, on or out of the earth for afflicted people. Beware of experiments in medicine, and when you need a remedy let the experience of others be your guide. If you have been using other treatments without results that were promised and that you anticipated, throw them away and begin with this natural healing and curing Ore. It will not fail you.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED

☞This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL, Geologist H.W. Dept., YONGE ST., **Toronto, Ont.**

Vitae-Ore has cured me completely of Stomach Trouble, from which I was a great sufferer for a long time, and it only took one package, the trial package, to bring about this remarkable change. I think Vitae-Ore is the grandest medicine ever offered to the public, and will always praise it and never be able to speak too highly of it for what it has done for me.

THOMAS RICHARDSON,
North Lancaster, Ontario.